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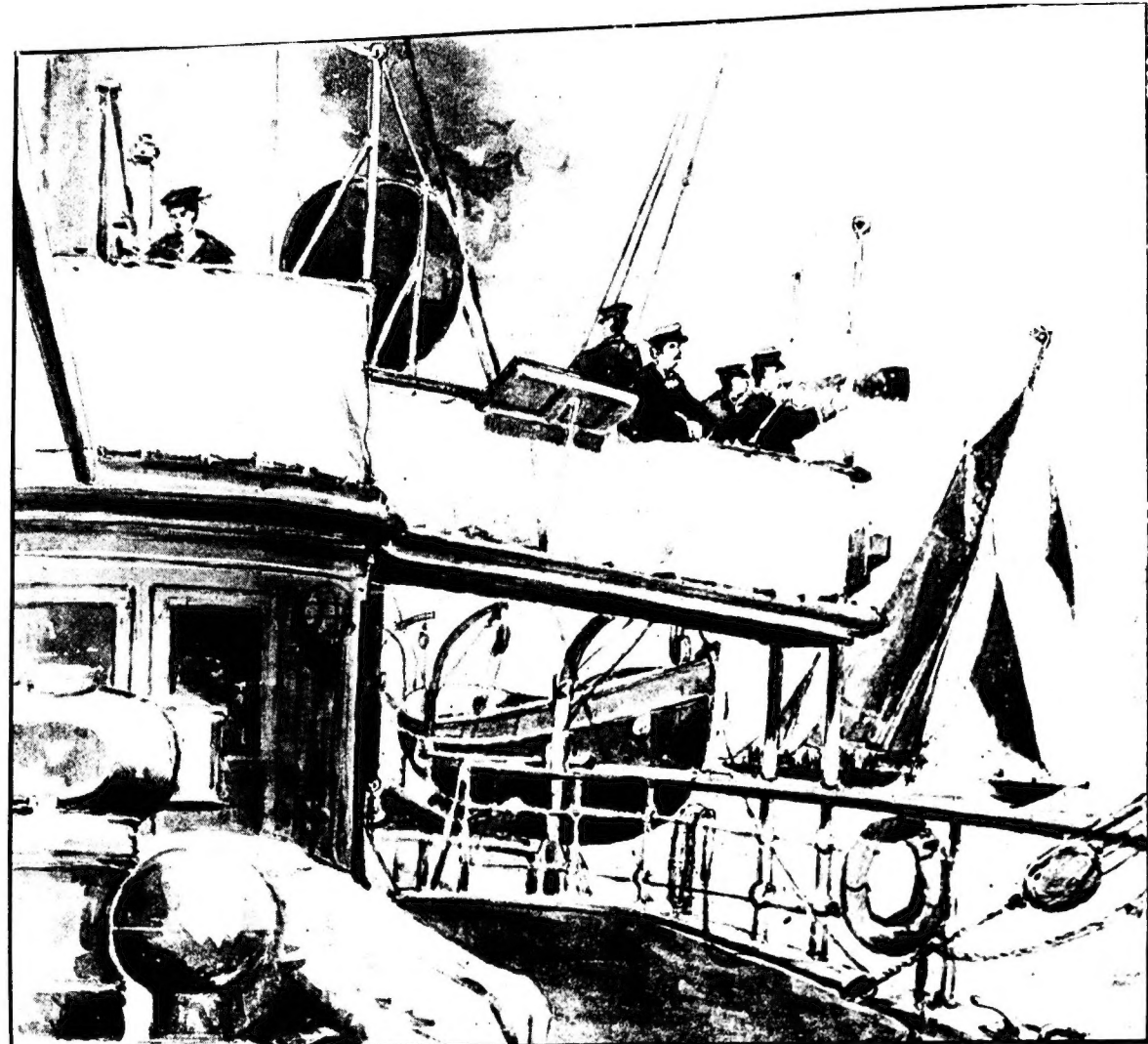
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THE GRAPHER, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899

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The "Shamrock" at New York

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S yacht *Shamrock*, accompanied by the steam yacht *Erin*, arrived at New York on August 18. She was not expected to reach her destination until the 25th, and her early arrival greatly surprised the yachting community in New York. But the astonishment was somewhat mitigated by the authorised announcement that she was towed for a great part of the distance owing to the calms she experienced all the way. Towing, it should be stated, except in calms, is contrary to the terms of the deed of gift governing the Cup. In spite of her unexpectedly early arrival, the *Shamrock* received a most hearty welcome at Long Branch. The steamer *Monmouth*, on her way to New York with a crowd of business men on board overtook the *Shamrock* in the Narrows. A great cheer arose from the steamer as she passed. As soon as the news got abroad that the challenger had arrived in New York waters holiday crowds afloat in all kinds of craft came flocking round her. Everything on the river or harbour, from the luxurious steam yacht to a barge packed with enthusiastic excursionists, seemed to be headed for the lee of the Staten Island shore, where Sir Thomas Lipton's



THE CAPTAIN OF THE STEAM YACHT "ERIN" INVITING THE CREW OF THE "SHAMROCK" TO BREAKFAST
THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP: THE "SHAMROCK'S" VOYAGE

Cup challenger rode at anchor. From early in the morning until twilight the British yacht was the centre of a motley fleet. There were yachts with everything, big and span, whose owners anxiously dipped ensigns as they passed, and there were big smacks loaded down to the water's edge with men who did themselves hoarse cheering the *Shamrock* and her crew, who lowered their ensign in response to salutes from yachts, but early in the day gave up trying to acknowledge the whole host of the excursion steamers, and the cheers from decks of passengers. While the *Shamrock* was off Tompkinsville an excursion boat scraped her stern, and although no injury was done, the incident made those in charge of the English yacht very nervous. The *Shamrock*, which was completely stripped, was fitted in the Erie basin with steel mast and racing booms and spars. Sir Thomas Lipton, who arrived in New York on the 1st inst., has been most hospitably received. He expressed himself as greatly satisfied with the condition of the *Shamrock* and the *Erin*, and since his arrival the *Shamrock* has been out for trial spins, and has given much satisfaction to her backers, her behaviour being in the opinion of critics in every way admirable. In the meantime the *Columbia*, which is to defend the Cup, has been competing in two trial races with the *Defender*, and has proved herself to be the better yacht.

Capt. C. Wigram, A.D.C. Capt. H. N. Holden, A.D.C. Mrs. Fenn Capt. R. G. T. Baker-Carr, A.D.C. Mr. W. R. Lawrence, C.S.I., Private Secretary Col. A. E. Sandbach, Military Secretary Col. E. H. Fenn, R.A.M.C.



Capt. the Earl of Suffolk, A.D.C. Miss Leiter Lady Curzon's two children Lady Curzon Lord Curzon Mrs. Lawrence Miss D. Leiter Capt. F. L. Adam, A.D.C. Capt. R. J. Marker, A.D.C.

LORD CURZON AS VICEROY OF INDIA: A GROUP AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA
From a Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd



THE ACCUSED OFFICER LEAVING THE LYCÉE FOR THE MILITARY PRISON ON THE RISING OF THE COURT

THE DREYFUS COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOUARD

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE DEGENERATES" AT THE HAYMARKET

THE title of the new comedy at the HAYMARKET gives promise of a satirical purpose, and it is quite true that in this piece, as in a comedy called *A Glass of Fashion*, brought out by him some sixteen years ago, Mr. Grundy has introduced us to some types of character which are supposed to reflect severely on these degenerate times. The queer folk, however, who haunt the

drawing-room of Sir William Samaurez and his friend Mrs. Trevelyan, though amusing enough, are but loosely attached to the story. They may possibly be capable of showing the age and body of the time its form and pressure; but they are, after all, not factors in the dramatic problem, nor do they even fulfil the function of the chorus of the ancient drama, since they are summarily dismissed at the very moment when a little commentary upon the actions of the leading personages might be useful, and after a point—somewhere near the middle of the second of the four acts—are seen no more. The truth is that the dramatist's chief aim has not been to satirise modern society, but to furnish Mrs. Langtry with a part which is prominent, fairly interesting, and well within her means. So far, at least, he must be allowed to have succeeded. Mrs. Trevelyan is not exactly of the stuff whereof heroines of romantic drama are fashioned. She is a person whose reputation is not of the best; but it is the dramatist's object to show that she is not irredeemably base. She has had the misfortune to have a bad husband, from whom she has been released by the interposition of the Divorce Court, though she has the effrontery to confess that the fact that the rule was made absolute must be attributed in some part to lack of vigilance on the part of the Queen's Proctor. That she is recklessly unscrupulous is further shown by the fact that she makes an assignation with Sir William Samaurez in the presence of his beautiful wife, who overhears the whispered words, and is driven to a furious outburst of jealous passion. But it is never too late to repent, and that is the moral of Mr. Grundy's play. The good influence in this case is Mrs. Trevelyan's daughter Una, a delightful little schoolgirl, who comes home rather unexpectedly and in the nick of time. Immersed in pleasure and frivolity Mrs. Trevelyan has hitherto seen but little of her daughter. She has even an instinctive dread of her coming. "She will make me look old" is the mother's selfish exclamation; but the girl's innocent sprightliness, and, above all, her simple admiration for her mother, and belief in her goodness, touch soft places in the heart of this hitherto rather heartless woman of fashion. These, it must be confessed, are pretty scenes. Their effect was greatly enhanced by the simplicity and sincerity of Miss Lily Grundy's performance of the part of Una. Miss Grundy, who is a daughter of the dramatist, is young, and must be inexperienced, but she plays, nevertheless, with an ease and a self-possession which are very pleasing.

The most dramatic scenes in the play are in the third act. Lady Samaurez, in her furious jealousy, has imprudently fled to the

chambers of Isidore de Lorano, a swindling company projector and professional lady-killer; and this fact having come to the knowledge of Mrs. Trevelyan all her ingenuity and energies are immediately devoted to the task of rescuing the woman she has wronged from her perilous position. Doubtless there is little that is absolutely new in the exciting situations which here follow each other so swiftly; nor is Mrs. Trevelyan's act of self-sacrifice in screening Lady Samaurez at the expense of her own reputation unfamiliar to spectators with memories. But the audience are not the less interested; and when it is discovered that Mrs. Trevelyan's equivocal position in the lodgings of De Lorano has not injured her in the eyes of her admirer, the young Duke of Orme, for the simple reason that he had discovered her generous purpose, the fact may be said to

Boldero, who haunts her friend's drawing-rooms in quest of a society paper; Mr. Beatty's Carl Hentsch, a large African millionaire; Mr. Gottschalk's Mosenthal, an apocryphal Mr. George Grossmith junior's "horsey," drunken Vassal, belittles his wife in public, and Saunders, the butler, who has kinship with Mrs. Benne-t-Boldero as a brother journalist, and all clever impersonations.

"THE LAST CHAPTER"

Mr. G. H. Broadhurst, whose name has hitherto been associated with American farces of a rather boisterous description, appeared himself on Monday evening at the STRAND Theatre.

not present in the moment of the other side of the lantern as the a domestic Californian in bears the title *Last Chapter* managerial of policy is, we regret to attend with great advantage the playgoing story of the weak and artificial. In the exertions potent company whom Mr. W. played the rough, but form an interesting character, deserves mention as the awakened interest, though reception was decidedly favourable.

There is much to be said about *The Trip to Italy* and the new "Lillian Putnam Barlowe Company" with which Messrs. Carl and Theodore Rosenthal, two American managers, have opened the New Theatre. It appears that in America there is a demand for plays which are not so much plays as farragos of luscious entertainment arbitrarily assembled with a dash of which is made to supply a sort of tonic for the palate of these choosers of the music hall. *The Trip to Italy* which is rather than one-half of the former are of more or less of the same type than commonly piece of this kind is sufficiently made by such means the programme. "Mr. Astor," an American melodrama, "Fatman," May Midget Town, is a barber, and a lunch, a lark. There are some pretty ballets and spectacular displays and some tuneful numbers in the music. Mr. Victor Holl has composed for occasion, but is generally a

Midget Town is wearisome in the extreme.

Mr. Wilson Barrett commenced an autumn season at LYCEUM on Saturday evening with a revival of *The Silver A* in which he played his original part of Wilfred Denver. The revival is understood to be preparatory to the production of a play, of which Mr. L. N. Parker and Mr. Barrett are joint authors. The original cast of Messrs. Henry Arthur Jones and H. Herman's interesting melodrama has undergone some conspicuous changes, owing to deaths and other causes; but the LYCEUM company is nevertheless a strong one, and the play, which has not been seen at a West End theatre for some eight or nine years, received with great favour.

The DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre also re-opened its doors



M. Waldeck-Rousseau became Premier in June last. He is a barrister by profession, and was first called to the Bar at Rennes, and was chosen to represent a district of that town, in 1879, in the Chamber of Deputies. Since then he has been a Senator. On being invited to form a Cabinet, he experienced great difficulty in getting one together, owing to the conflict of opinion on the Dreyfus case, the revision of which had just been decided upon.

M. PIERRE MARIE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, THE FRENCH PREMIER

DRAWN FROM LIFE AT A SPECIAL SITTING GIVEN TO OUR ARTIST, PAUL RENOUARD

give general satisfaction. Mrs. Langtry, in brief, is able to interest her audience in the fortunes of Mrs. Trevelyan; but there is still reason to wish that the author had abated something of the bad manners, the fondness for slang, and, truth compels me to add, the occasional downright immodesty which characterise his heroine in her unregenerate days. Mr. Charles Hawtreys, as the phlegmatic Duke, who is in search of "a true woman," even if she has "spots," is amusing, though a trifle less so than usual. The part of Lady Samaurez is played with much emotional power by Miss Lily Hanbury; but Mr. Edmund Maurice's in the part of her husband, who scolds his wife so coarsely for her jealous temper. The "degenerates," as I have already acknowledged, are amusing folk. Miss Lottie Venne's Mrs. Bennett-

Saturday evening, when the representations of Mrs. Ryley's clever and diverting comedy, *An American Citizen*, were resumed by Mr. Charles Frohman's excellent company, of which the leading members are Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott. Advantage has been taken of the brief vacation to re-decorate the theatre.

Like our old friend the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," the New York dramatists appear to "want to make yer flesh creep." The latest attempt is that of the author of a new melodrama at the STAR Theatre, whose hero is seen to be in imminent peril of being devoured alive by a horde of starving rats. The incident is described, and no doubt correctly, as "more repulsive than dramatic." How the hungry rats are induced to study their parts is not stated.

The AVENUE has once more found a new tenant in the person of Miss Granville, who will open this theatre shortly with a new comedy in three acts, written by Mr. Kinsey Peile, and entitled *An Interrupted Honeymoon*. Besides the new manageress, the cast will include Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, and Miss Sarah Brooke.

The complimentary benefit performance at the PALACE Theatre in commemoration of Mr. Charles Morton's eightieth birthday, will take place on the evening of Thursday, the 21st inst. More than sixty popular performers have exhibited their sympathy and esteem for this pioneer and veteran in the field of variety entertainments by offering their services for the occasion.

A gambling scene in a fashionable lady's drawing-room, and a terrible accident to a mountain climber in Switzerland, will be conspicuous items among the scenes of excitement in the forthcoming DRURY LANE drama. *Hearts are Trumps* will, as already announced, be produced at the re-opening of DRURY LANE on Thursday evening next.

The VAUDEVILLE will re-open this (Saturday) evening with a new three-act piece by Messrs. G. R. Sims and Leonard Merrick, entitled *The Elixir of Youth*, which is understood to be based upon a popular German farce.

The production of *The Ghetto*, the new drama adapted from the Dutch, originally announced for Thursday last, has been postponed to this evening.

"THE REBELS"

Mr. J. B. Fagan's romantic Irish drama, *The Rebels*, produced at the METROPOLE, Camberwell, is a story of '98, with the customary conflicts between Loyalist and Nationalist, and with the usual gallery of characters in Irish romance such as redcoats and Nationalist hero, old squire, priest and gaoler, but Mr. Fagan has made out of these stock and inevitable ingredients a capital evening's entertainment. There is much in *The Rebels* which is genuinely stirring. Mr. Warner, as the youthful brother of the heroine, made a small part stand out very effectively, and one and all worked loyally and well. The chief burden of the piece is laid on the shoulders of Mrs. Lewis Waller as the sweetheart of the nationalist hero, and upon Mr. Robert Loraine as the hero himself. Mr. Loraine makes a picturesque lover, and is always robust and romantic. Mr. Kitteridge is an excellent villain, and little bits of character are well portrayed by Mr. Littledale Power, Miss Annie Webster, and others. The play is likely to have a considerable popularity in the provinces if not in town.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE change in the weather is, undoubtedly, most acceptable, and we most of us looked upon the brisk and vigorous showers as a refreshing exhibition—an exhibition which had there been a shilling a head charged for admission would have been without

I welcome the infinite range,
From purple and gold unto grey;
The ceaseless succession of change
That gladdens the clouds of to-day.
I love the big shadows they throw,
As over the landscape they fly:
While gloom gives a glory to glow—
I'm sick of the steely blue sky!

It is only when we have had a pretty lengthy experience of the monotony of perpetual blue skies that we can thoroughly appreciate the inexhaustible beauties of cloudland. I, too, I know, have rhapsodised with regard to blue sky, but then they have glorified the month of May. So altogether they are a race not to be trusted.

Everyone who has been travelling much recently will cordially welcome "The Baby in the Train" correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, and endorse the views of "A Long Suffering Traveller" with regard to the establishment of a Nursery Saloon on the railway. Having been a good deal on the railway in various directions during the last two months, I, in common with others, have suffered not a little from the Universal Baby. Indeed, babocracy is getting too important, and requires to be controlled by immediate legislation. As things are at present, unless you travel in a horse-box, the guard's van, or the locomotive, you cannot avoid baby. He pervades every class of carriage—I have even found two very fine specimens in a smoking compartment, and my only wonder was that they were not provided with tiny cigarettes. All these things point to the desirability of organising a Nursery Saloon. Indeed, it strikes me that the directors of the various lines show a somewhat short-sighted policy in not taking immediate steps to provide it, for it must be remembered many of the babies of to-day are season ticket holders of the future, and that most of them, if they are allowed to grow up, will eventually become patrons of the railway. Hence it behoves directors who have their shareholders' interests at heart to take every possible care of these tiny travellers, and to provide against the chance of their being damaged in transit.

One effect of the recent tropical weather has been that it has driven people into wearing reasonable costume. Never before has there been seen in the streets of London such a display of country garments. Never before have the streets of the metropolis been so gay in colour. The dismal aspect of the perpetual black coat has been almost obliterated by the garments of holland, of tweed, of blue serge, and of white duck—to say nothing of the occasional brilliant blazer—while the topper has had to retire in favour of straw-hats, soft felt head coverings, caps, Panama thatchings and bowlers. Let us hope all this wholesome change will not only be a temporary one. Let us hope it will be a distinct blow to the topper and the black coat, and that it will effectually disestablish that unsatisfactory portion of male costume that is included in the morning coat and the frock coat. These items are really's prerogative. What a man really wants is a comfortable suit of tweed or serge, that he can wear all day, and a dress suit that he can put on in the evening. Other garments, if we look upon them from a common-sense point of view, are clearly a mistake; they seem to be neither one thing nor the other, they appear to be half-measures, and, like all half-measures, seldom satisfactory.



M. Joseph Reinach is a Jew, and is one of the ablest politicians in France. He was Secretary to the Cabinet under Gambetta, and was afterwards one of the keenest opponents of General Boulanger. He has been a great worker for the revision of the Dreyfus case. There is a law case pending against him, Madame Henry having brought an action against him for libelling her deceased husband, whom M. Reinach had charged with treason. M. Reinach, in June, recovered damages from M. Rochefort, who accused him of having manufactured a letter which Lemerle Picard, the forger, had sold to M. Rochefort.

M. JOSEPH REINACH: A PROMINENT SUPPORTER OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS

DRAWN FROM LIFE AT A SPECIAL SITTING GIVEN TO OUR ARTIST, PAUL RENOIR

doubt very popular. With regard to prolonged blazing hot weather I think the absence of cloud is one of its greatest drawbacks. I know in Italy I have endured that perpetual blue sky from morning till night till I have found it almost maddening, and I must confess the effect of the everlasting burnished, glaring, steely blue firmament of the last six weeks has been indescribably irritating. Let me soothe my feelings with a little song:—

I'm sick of the steely blue sky,
With burnished monotonous glare:
The atmosphere scorching and dry,
Is more than a mortal can bear!
But, oh, it is ripe for a view
The clouds as they swiftly roll by!
So varied in form and in hue—
I'm sick of the steely blue sky!



THE ARMY TRAINING ON SALISBURY PLAIN: THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT DEFENDING A POSITION

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK



"Jane Marley stood by the window. She had thrust her way to the front, and was near the auctioneer; she leaned one elbow on the sill and looked up into his face. He held the hammer aloft, gazing about him, with an encouraging word cast at one, then another, but without response. 'Seventy,' said Jane. He turned sharply about."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XXI.

FURTHER FORWARD

THE search outside the house proved as barren of results as had been that within. The undercliff was so broken as to offer many places in which with ingenuity and some labour recesses might be formed in which much could be concealed. But to a hiding place of this description there must be a track; and the fallen elder twigs, and scattered leaves, the straggling binds of bramble armed with terrible hooks, the thickets of thorn undisturbed, showed that no runs had been made from the house to any particular spot.

Discouraged, Oliver leaned his elbows on a mass of chalk, laid one huge red hand over the other, palm downward, looked across the block at Jack, who was beyond, and said, "I'm darned, if this is not one of the worst jobs I have ever been in. I wish your father had wrote down on the slate where it was he had stowed the money."

"That is if he had anything to stow."

"He must have had. He did have—else why should he have been in such a fear lest you should squander it?"

"If something had been saved and put away we must have found it."

Dench remained looking steadily at Jack, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"You don't think," mused he, and he spoke to himself rather than to Jack, "you don't think as how Jane Marley may have scented it, and have secured it, and got it now in that chest of hers. We have looked everywhere else. She is away now at Bindon. Let us prize open the lock and search it from end to end. I warrant it is there. It can be nowhere else that I can think of."

"No," answered Jack emphatically. "To that I will not consent. If she chooses voluntarily to open, that will be another matter, but in her absence, without her cognisance—never."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not right, and she a poor woman. I would rather let her have it than commit such an outrage."

"You would, would you?"

"Certainly," with some heat. "Besides, I owe Winefred a debt of gratitude, and I will not repay it by an insult offered to her mother."

"Well! men are made in different fashions and out of various clays. What, then, is to be done?"

"There is but one thing can be done—accept the situation. I must make up my mind to knock about till I can find work that will suit me. I have not expected much. If there had been a trifle I should have been well pleased; had there been much my father would have given me to understand that it was so."

"He has done this. He has told me and you plainly that he was resolved to make a gentleman of you."

"He has given me education, and it is that which makes the gentleman."

"Fine! Education is a rare advantage if you have money to back it up; money without education is a halting horse; but education without money is one foundered in all four legs. What will you be? Not a fisherman. Your education is thrown away for that."

"I intend to sell the house."

"Sell the house!" echoed Dench, and lifted his hands in astonishment.

"I must do so. If I had a little income I might live here in it, and idle. I should not relish that. As I have no income I cannot

occupy it. I must look out for a situation, and not being a snail I cannot travel with my house on my back."

"You have the cutter."

"That cutter is of no use to me unless I know how to employ her."

"Oh! there is employment easy found."

"Yes, but not such as I care to undertake. I know what you mean. Besides, my education is so much capital invested. I must see if I cannot make it render interest."

"But the house—"

"It holds me here, and just here no work suitable for me is to be found."

"Darn me!" said Oliver, looking musingly at his hands, "I'd not sell the house till I had torn down every stone, and had sited every peck of dust."

"And found nothing, and thrown away what little value the cottage possessed when standing."

"I do not see," said the ferryman, "that this is a house that will fetch a price. There is no field or paddock attached to it. There are just four walls and nothing further. If you were to take to the sea and carry on your father's business, then the place is well enough. And yet, after this late affair, it is a little blown upon. And then Jane Marley's cottage has gone to pieces. These cliffs are not sure; you cannot say what may happen next. Purchasers might argue that it was an unsafe tenure not worth much because so insecure in its foundations. It might last a hundred years, or it might go to-morrow. I am shot if I would sell."

"I have thought it well over," said Jack; "no other course is open to me."

"You may let the cottage."

"Who would take it? It is fit only for a labourer in Bindon, and

their hands are all provided for in Axminster. Besides, I am in want of money."

"You will sell furniture and all."

"Yes, everything."

"Then, take my advice, and dispose of the house first. You are separated by the mouth of the Axe from Seaton, and Seaton folk will not come here to get furniture; but if the house be sold, then the purchaser may bid well for what is in it, that he may have the whole bag of tricks together, and not be put to the extra trouble and cost in new rigging."

"There is something in what you say. The sooner it is done the better. I shall speak to the auctioneer, and have the crier sent about."

"Well, if it must be, I say so as well."

The young man walked away to go to Beer, where he had been in lodgings up to his father's death. He had matters to arrange there.

Dench remained in deep thought for some time. He was completely puzzled, and could not resolve what he should do. In the event of the cottage being sold, would it be advisable for him to buy it? But it could be of no use to him, and his ambition pointed to a public house. To risk his money on the chance of finding the captain's hoard was altogether too precarious. Three times had the cottage been ransacked, and each time fruitlessly. Yet Oliver was not satisfied. Rattenbury had boasted to him over his grog of his intentions with regard to Jack, and Rattenbury was not a man to lie, though he might exaggerate. He had not obscurely intimated that he was possessed of the means whereby he could carry out his intentions.

Dench returned to the cottage, and as he entered he took with him the chopper which had been driven into a bench that stood by the door. It was used for cutting up the fuel.

By this time Mrs. Marley had returned.

"Jane," said he, "don't look sour and turn crabbed. It must be done. Young Jack laid it on me, but I don't like doing his dirty work. He might have come and taken the job in hand himself, but he is a sneak, a miserable sneak, and he has gone to Beer and bound me to do it."

"What is it?"

"He bade me break open your chest. He says that the captain's money has not been found, and that you have laid your hands on it. Says he, make the old cat give up the key, or break the lock off the chest. Turn everything out."

Her face flushed with anger.

"You take me for a thief?"

"Not I. I don't think you clever enough. But Jack—it is Jack's demand."

"There is the key."

She threw it at his feet.

Dench picked it up. She looked at him frowning and with scorn.

He went to her chest and searched, to be once more disappointed.

He returned to the kitchen, gave her the key and seated himself. He said nothing, but leaned his head in his hand. Think as he might he could hit on no other place in which to search.

"Jane," said he at length, despairing of finding what he sought, and changing the current of his thoughts, "what are you going to do. Jack has made up his mind to sell the old place and every stick in it."

"Sell the house!"

Mrs. Marley considered. She put her knuckles to her lips.

"What will you do? Where will you go? I reckon you will have to make up your mind as to that."

"Where I go, and what my plans are—these are no concerns of yours," she answered. "I shall find a home somewhere."

"May not an old acquaintance—a friend you will not allow me to call myself—ask a civil question without meeting with a rude answer? Why, Jane, I have known you since you were a little girl. I knew you when you met with *him*. I know all about that bad business, and I have known you ever since, and have admired how you have kept yourself respectable. I should be a bad sort of a chap, and altogether without heart, were I to let you go and not ask about you."

Jane answered, somewhat mollified, "I shall take a house suitable for Winefred and me in our altered condition."

"Well now," said Dench, "I don't understand that. Altered is for the worse, I suppose."

"I should have said in our bettered condition. Winefred's father has acknowledged her, and will provide that she be brought up as a lady."

The colour faded instantly from Dench's face, and his jaw fell. He looked at her with blank, fishy eyes.

"He has acknowledged her! It is not possible. You lie."

"It is true. Look at this. See the gold watch with his initials on it. He gave it to her as a token that he would provide handsomely, liberally for her. We shall take a house in which she can live as a gentleman's daughter ought to live. For myself I care not. I am not, I never have been, a lady. That is why he deserted me. But with her it is different." She raised her head, and there were triumph in her eyes and a flush in her cheeks.

"It is false," gasped Dench.

If what Jane said was true, then Mr. Holwood was reconciled to his wife. He had recognised his daughter. If so, his own knavery would be discovered. Not only would the quarterly supplies cease, which for eighteen years he had appropriated to himself, but he would be called to task for what he had done, and would have to answer for it in court.

"Have you squared up with him?" he inquired, with his attitude and tone of voice expressive of uneasiness. Jane was too full of pride to consider him. She answered, "I have not met him. I am in no hurry to do so. There is too much calling out against him in my heart, that is like a kennel of barking dogs, for me to forgive. But Winefred has seen him, has talked with him, and he has promised her that he will deal by her, I will not say generously, but as he ought."

"I do not believe it. He is in Terra del Fuego."

"He is returned. What say you to the watch? I knew it at once. He had offered it to me once."

"I see no proof in the watch. It may have belonged to the captain, and you—"

She cut him short—"It has his initials on the back."

"J. H. are common initials. John Hall, the cheesemonger, has the same."

"Whether you believe or not matters nothing to me," said Jane, still swelling with pride. "All Seaton, all Axmouth, everyone shall perceive that we are not as we were; that my Winnie has no more occasion to go along the beach picking up chalcones, nor I to trudge the lanes, hawking pins and needles; but that Winefred is a lady, a real lady, with money to spend, dressing like a lady, doing nothing—like a lady. When I hear from Jack Rattenbury, I shall know when to leave this cottage, but do not think that I will take orders or advice from you."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOUSE AND HOME

JACK RATTENBURY found that a good many bills descended on him after his father's funeral. He had no means of checking them, as he had not come on any account book, but he had little doubt that the debts had really been contracted, for they revealed that the captain had been engaged in an extensive business as "freighter"; not for some years taking any part in the active carriage of goods, but providing the cargoes and negotiating the sales. To the French ports he had despatched West Indian groceries procured in England, and from France he had received consignments of brandy. And in both transactions the goods had been run without regard to Customs duties.

So long as sugar was at famine prices in France, and large profits could be made on spirits and tea in England, the contraband trade attracted to it the most adventurous on the coasts.

Neither the vessel built for Captain Job nor the stores last ordered had been paid for. Jack had made up his mind not to follow his father's business, which, though it might be very profitable at times, was also liable to great losses. He liked the sea, but saw clearly that if he took to it he would be more or less brought into relations with the men who had acted with, under and for his father, and that it would be difficult for him to keep clear of "free trading." He liked books, and his inclination turned to some occupation on land where what he had acquired would prove serviceable.

The day of the auction came on speedily. It were well, thought Jack, to have the sale at once, that he might be free to go where he would find work, and have money wherewith to meet his father's debts.

Happily the day was bright, and although a cold wind blew from the north-east, the sun shone—a November sun, pale and without warmth. Yet, at that time of the year, the very sight of the luminary is cheering.

A country auction is a curious sight. It was even more so at the beginning of the century.

Auctions, like funerals, are wet or dry, and a dry auction, like a dry funeral, attracts few assistants and provokes little enthusiasm.

A dry auction is colourless, cold, sordid. Emulation among would-be purchasers is languid, and the sums realised are inconsiderable.

It is otherwise at a wet auction, so entitled because spirits are freely provided and distributed; at that faces glow, hearts warm, competition waxes keen, the humour of the auctioneer sparkles, and the prices fetched by the articles offered are often altogether disproportionate to their intrinsic value. Messrs. Hawkes and Squire were in good repute as capable men who understood how to play upon the tempers of a circle of hesitating purchasers, how to pit one against another, to cover a defect, and enhance the value of an article exposed to sale.

"No," said Mr. Hawkes, "that won't do. We must not begin with the 'ouse. We must not bring it in late, with this here drivin' and freezin' wind. We'll do as Mr. Rattenbury proposed, and very sensible it was of him. We'll have out the cloam and the glass and the jugs and togs first, and get 'em up to a lively 'eat, and then run the 'ouse afore they get cold again. There's a rick of firewood, and an old set of harness without an 'oss to wear it, that I can see, and some garning tools, a chopper and a block, and the clinkum clankums as we can bring out. Mr. Squire, you get the liquor well in, ply 'em freely, ripen 'em up before we put up the 'ouse. The order ain't professional, but in such a wind and such a season, and when the space within is limited—it can't be helped. Folks 'll be goin' when they get cold."

"I think we will begin," said Mr. Squire. "They have got through a gallon of gin already."

"Right you are," responded Mr. Hawkes, and mounted a chair set against the outside of the house near the window, where there was some shelter against the wind. He was a florid man, with very large white whiskers, and a white hat with a black band round it, all the lower part of his face large and heavy, small dark eyes and dark brows.

Before him were benches, and a table crowded with crockery and sundries grouped into lots.

"Now then, gentlemen and ladies, by your leave, and if you please. Time is up, and the trump of duty calls. I may say, though it may be unprofessional to say it, that in all my career it has never been my good fortune to have had come into my hands the disposal of so eligible and desirable a collection of articles as those which it is my privilege and pleasure to submit to you to-day, together with one of the most desirable and convenient residences ever offered on the south coast of England. Ladies and gentlemen, I will just read over the conditions of sale, so that later on no dispute and difficulty may arise."

Mr. Hawkes proceeded to do as proposed, but in so hurried a manner that nothing he read could be understood.

That formality concluded, he took his hammer in one hand and received a basin from his assistant in the other.

"The first lot, gentlemen and ladies, that I submit to you is of the highest desirability. It is a washing basin, the jug has been mislaid—but that is of no real importance. The basin is the thing; and washing is also the thing. The man or woman who does not value a basin is a man or woman who don't wash, and it is washing that differentiates the civilised man from the savage. If anyone here be setting up house, here is an opportunity that may not occur again. I see several young men present hovering on the verge of matrimony, or contemplating it as a possibility in the near future. Cleanliness is next to godliness—and if there be one of them who

would desire to enjoy an 'appy 'ome and a beautiful wife, let him lay this basin."

"Thickey basin is cracken," shouted someone from the crowd.

"Cracken is it? Possibly—but still eminently serviceable. Let me tell you Mrs. Bunce, it was you who made that observation, that many a head is also cracken, as you term it, but is nevertheless an eminently serviceable head. With this basin goes a soap-dish and—thank you, Mr. Squire—an eligible teapot. A most desirable lot."

He waved the last-named article, holding it by the spout adroitly, concealing in his hand the broken nozzle.

"This teapot, you will observe has a sound handle, and has its lid attached. Many a teapot is rendered useless by the loss of its lid. This one not only possesses its lid, but also the flower or knob at the top. This pot"—his face became withering in its scornfulness—"this teapot, I hope, Mrs. Bunce, you will not pronounced cracken," and he tapped the sides, "Ah! Mrs. Bunce, come round, I thought as much—Two shillings. Two shillings offered for the basin, soap-dish and teapot."

The woman called Bunce vainly protested that she had made no offer. She was unheard. "Two shillings for this lot. The price is ridiculous. If Mrs. Hawkes were here she would not allow the chance to slide. Ah! I thought as much, Mrs. Jose, two and six. With those cheeks like ribstone pippins, and at so high a polish—she is the lady who simply ravens after soap. Thank you, ma'am, three shillings. Every gentleman and lady must possess a soap-dish. That is right, three and six. Again Mrs. Jose, I admire your judgment. Some know a good thing when they see it, others don't. Another sixpence. Someone bid another sixpence? Going for three and six, going, going, gone for three and six—given away."

And Mrs. Jose of Bindon became the possessor of a cracked basin, a soap-dish without a strainer, and a teapot with broken spout.

After this start the auctioneer knew that he would do fairly well.

"Mr. Squire, lot number two, if you please. I thank you kindly. A pair of bellows and a nautical almanack. Very good, very. Wind and tide. Who will offer?"

"What year?" shouted a seaman, with reference to the date of the almanack.

Mr. Hawkes did not answer. He was occasionally deaf.

"Now then," said he hastily, "a pair of bellows, without which no wife can manage, and a nautical almanack indispensable to every sailor or boatman. Such a combination is most appropriate: the husband and the wife each has a share in this lot. One shilling! I misunderstood; surely no one offered so paltry a sum. Come—another sixpence. That is right. One and six. Anyone bid further? Right! Two shillings. Two and six, and dirt cheap. Take it, young man. Your name, I believe, is Temple."

After a pause, "It is fresh out here, ladies and gentlemen. If you will pass round the glasses you will obtain a little warmth applied in the right place. Stoke where the fuel ought to go: under the boiler. Lot number three." He held up a picture.

"Then a sailor called out, 'Where is the Paycock?'"

"The Paycock? What does he mean?" asked the auctioneer of his assistant.

A whispered communication ensued.

"Oh! the Peacock, a study in wools, is withdrawn. Filial feelings, which we all respect, etcetera. But what have we here? Daniel in the lion's den, with crimson velvet curtains fringed with gold bullion, hanging down in the den, and the prophet depicted, very properly, in adoration. Light streaming from above. In the remote distance aloft—King Ahasuerus wasn't it?—gazing on the sublime scene with emotion. A scriptural subject—Daniel in the Lion's Den—one shilling. Yes, ma'am, eighteen pence—Sir—two shillings. The velvet curtains are alone worth that. Half-a-crown. So good for your children, help to make them realise the sacred narrative. Three shillings. Give pleasure and instruction combined to little Tommy, and make him say, 'Mammy, I have read about Daniel in my Bible'—give—thank you, three and six. Right—four shillings. Going, going, gone."

Thus went on the sale, briskly, each article fetching more than it was actually worth, as is generally the case in small sales to which the few dealers do not think it worth their while to go. At a large auction they combine against the public, and control the sale in their own interest, running up an article only when bid for by someone outside the ring. In a small sale the profits go into the pocket of the seller, in a large one into those of the dealers.

When the sale was in full swing, the bidders were warm, and rivalry had been excited, some bidding out of mere wantonness, some out of ostentation, some to prevent others from possessing what they themselves did not want. Then Mr. Hawkes put up the little house and scrap of land on which it stood.

Considerable hesitation at once manifested itself, and there was a long pause before an offer was made. The Undercliff was a snug spot for a man to live at who had no business, and could afford to be idle; it was unsuitable for anyone else. However, the agent for the owner of the Bindon estate offered thirty pounds. It might save as a labourer's cottage. It would not let for above four pounds, and would require some outlay in repairs. But the main objection against it lay in its situation near the cliff, as it was uncertain how long it would continue habitable. It might last a lifetime or go to pieces like Jane Marley's cottage on the morrow.

Then a retired tradesman of Seaton held up his hand. The agent again offered; a third bid; then an old maid from Lyme. The sale moved but sluggishly.

Mr. Hawkes looked towards the agent. But he shook his head; he had been instructed not to go above a certain specified sum.

Jane Marley stood by the window. She had thrust her way to the front, and was near the auctioneer; she leaned one elbow on the sill and looked up into his face.

He held the hammer aloft, gazing about him, with an encouraging word cast at one, then another, but without response.

"Seventy," said Jane.

He turned sharply about. "Seventy pounds offered for this desirable residence, worth a hundred and seventy—a freehold, mind you. Who says eighty? Come. Going for seventy. You could not build it under two hundred. Now, Mr. Frank. The fruits of life are, in your ripe and green old age, to sit under your own vine and fig-tree—"

"And possibly have the ground fall away under one," said the tradesman, and shook his head.

"Seventy. Going, going! I am really ashamed. Stay a moment. Madam, we shall expect caution money."

"Here is the entire sum."

"Gone!" said the auctioneer. "And now we will proceed with the rest of the furniture. Step inside. Ladies and gentlemen, oblige me, and step within." Silence among the crowd. Those assembled looked at one another with astonishment.

A woman who a few weeks ago had in vain sought shelter for herself and child, one who had been regarded as the poorest of the poor, suddenly put down seventy pounds and became owner of a house and freehold property.

"Upon my life," whispered one to a neighbour, "hawking must be a paying trade."

Mrs. Jose worked her way with her elbows to Jane and shook her hand.

"I am rejoiced," she said, with her face bright with smiles. "You have a house of your own now; the rest will follow."

A friend whispered in her ear, "Where did the peddling creature get the money?"

"The little maid's father has come down handsome," answered Mrs. Jose in an undertone.

"How can that woman have got hold of such a sum of money?" asked a seaman of Oliver Dench.

"Hist you!" answered the ferryman. "By robbing the captain."

Though he said it in a whisper, he spoke sufficiently audibly to be overheard by those around, and those who heard repeated it to such as had not. Jane saw eyes fixed on her full of mistrust. But she threw up her head; and as the sale proceeded bought the wardrobe that had not been disturbed, beds, tables, and most of the furniture.

"Mother!"

Jane saw Winfred beside her.

"My child! my child! We have been wanderers. Now we have of our own a house and home."

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

BARON ALBERT GRANT, who died last week at Bognor, had been in failing health for some time. He was born in Dublin in 1830, and was educated in London and Paris. His parents were poor, and during his early years he had to struggle with poverty. By dint of hard work, and a natural keenness in business, he soon acquired wealth and a reputation in the City. He sat twice as member of Parliament for Kidderminster as a Liberal Conservative. In 1868 the title of Baron was conferred on him by the King of Italy for services rendered in the completion and opening of the Victor Emmanuel Gallery in Milan. At one time Baron Grant's name was continually before the public, and he made a gift of Leicester Square to London at a cost to himself of 30,000l. He was a devoted collector of works of art, and in May, 1874, he bought at Christie's a very valuable portrait of Sir Walter Scott for 800 guineas. The same evening Sir Stafford Northcote, who was then Leader of the House, was asked by a private member why the Government had not bought the portrait for the nation, and replied that the Treasury had not the funds. Whereupon Baron Grant rose and stated that he had already written offering the picture to the trustees of the National Gallery. Sir Stafford Northcote immediately proposed a vote of thanks, which was carried with much enthusiasm. Baron Grant became bankrupt in 1885, with liabilities 217,000l. and assets 74,000l. His affairs were before the Bankruptcy Court only a week or so ago, when a receiving order was made against him. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Colonel Arthur Singleton Wynne, C.B., who has just been appointed Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards in succession to Major-General the Hon. Nevill Lytton, has been for some months Deputy-Adjutant-General on Sir Redvers Buller's staff at Aldershot. He was born in 1846, and joined the Yorkshire Light Infantry in 1863. He served in the Jowaki Expedition in 1877 as Superintendent of Signalling, and was mentioned in despatches. In the Afghan War of 1878-9 he had charge of the field telegraphs with the Kurum Valley Field Force, being present at the capture of Peiwar Kotol and other engagements. For his services he was given the medal with clasp and a brevet majority. He next served in the Transvaal in 1881, and also took part in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, being awarded the medal and clasp and the Khedive's star and the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1814 he was appointed Adjutant-General at Malta, and served there until appointed to Aldershot. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

in succession to Admiral Ernest Rice, was born in 1844, and entered the Navy in 1859. He served in the *Chalenger's* surveying expedition of 1872-5, and in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, when he was promoted to be Commander, and was awarded the Arctic medal. He was made a Captain in 1883, and received the Captain's Good Service Pension in 1894. In 1896 Captain Pelham Aldrich was appointed Inspecting Captain of Boys' Training Ships, serving on the *Impregnable* at Devonport. Our portrait is by Heath and Co., Plymouth.

In consequence of the important discovery, by Dr. Ronald Ross, of the malarial mosquito, and the need of another scientist being immediately sent out to Sierra Leone, the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases selected Dr. Fielding Ould for the purpose. Dr. Fielding Ould had a distinguished career at Oxford since taking his degree, having been much engaged in private research in connection with the Liverpool School of Pathology. He has been specially trained by Professor Boyce, of the Liverpool University, in the study of tropical diseases. Dr. Fielding Ould, who sailed on Saturday for West Africa to join Major Ross's expedition, expects to be away three or four months, and it is probable that researches will be made in other British Colonies on the West Coast besides Sierra Leone. Our portrait is by Medrington, Liverpool.

At the early age of thirty eight the death occurred on Saturday of Mr. Ernest Renshaw. No name is more closely associated with lawn tennis than that of Renshaw. He was never so great a player as his twin brother William, who for so many years held the



COLONEL A. S. WYNNE, C.B.
New Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse
Guards



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. WILLCOCKS
Appointed Commandant of the West African
Field Force



REAR-ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH
New Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth
Dockyard



DR. FIELDING OULD
Who has gone to Sierra Leone for Scientific
Research



THE LATE BARON ALBERT GRANT
Who gave Leicester Square to London



THE LATE MR. ERNEST RENSHAW
Exponent of Lawn Tennis

championship title at Wimbledon, but Mr. Ernest Renshaw was a brilliant exponent of the game, and in the doubles he and his brother were practically invincible, and held the championship for seven years between 1880 and 1889. For many years there were few men to approach the Renshaws in skill at a game which they did so much to make popular. Mr. Renshaw was Singles Champion of Ireland in 1883, 1887, 1888, and 1892, and with his brother held the Doubles Championship in 1881, 1883, 1884, and 1885. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Willcocks, C.M.G., D.S.O., has been appointed Commandant of the West African Frontier Force on the Niger, and is to leave Liverpool in the steamer *Bonni* for Forcados on the 23rd inst. Colonel Willcocks went out to the Niger on the last occasion with Colonel Lugard, and was then second in command. Lieutenant-Colonel Willcocks was born in 1857, and is a Major in the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians). He served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and was awarded the medal. In 1881 he took part in the Mahsood Wuzoree Expedition, and was mentioned in despatches. He distinguished himself in the Burma Campaign of 1885-9, being mentioned in despatches, and being awarded the medal with two clasps and the D.S.O. He also served in the Chin Lushai Expedition of 1889-90, and in the Manipur Expedition of 1891. He was appointed to the West African Frontier Force in 1897. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

A BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF DR. NANSEN'S *Fram* has been presented to the Paris Louvre, where it is to be surrounded by stuffed seals and various Arctic animals and birds.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

BARON GRANT, who died last week, was an almost forgotten financial comet. He flashed across the horizon in the late seventies. Grant was an adopted name, for his father was a Mr. Gottheimer, who was a partner in a firm which carried on a "foreign fancy" business in Newgate Street. At one time Baron Grant's was a name to conjure with, a household name which occurred in all the pantomimes and burlesques of the period. Like many other financial celebrities, however, he soon lost his fortune and consequently his popularity.

Baron Grant never made a figure in the West End, though had it not been for his collapse he had every opportunity of attaining social prominence. In the late seventies he bought a site close to Kensington Palace, and having demolished the "rookery" which had been built upon it, he erected a vast house, surrounded by its own grounds, with an entrance lodge to the north and having a lake on the south side. The marble staircase cost thousands, and the decorations were elaborate though not in the best of taste.

Kensington House, as it was called, was never furnished, and was only once used. On Thursday, July 22, 1880, the Bachelors' Ball was given there, unquestionably the most brilliant and successful entertainment of the kind in the last quarter of the present century. At that time the late Mr. Augustus Lumley led London "Society" just as powerfully and far more intelligently than ever did Beau Brummell. It occurred to Mr. Lumley that several well-known bachelors should combine to give a ball, each contributing a sum of a hundred pounds towards the expenses. A "Ball Committee"—by the way, the names of those who composed it were supposed to be kept secret—was formed, and all applications for invitations had to be submitted to this body.

The process was as follows: Every subscriber was to be permitted to invite a certain number of guests, but he had first to submit to the committee the names of those he wished to attend. That secret body considered the applications, and either issued the invitations or omitted to do so as the members of it thought fit. It is easy to imagine the excitement which this singular ballot created. Those who received invitations were elated, those whose claims had been rejected were furious. In the end it was found necessary to fill the big barrack of a house, and invitations were, at the last minute, distributed with anything but a sparing hand.

Dancing was kept up until seven in the morning. In the gardens there were fireworks, and on the artificial lake the Royalties and others rowed and were rowed in ball-dresses and in uniforms, diamond tiaras and diamond stars flashing in every direction. That was the only occasion on which Kensington House was used. It

had twelve hours of magnificent life, was then deserted for a time, and, eventually, was demolished, and upon the site of the house, grounds and lake, were erected a fine square and several streets!

"The Rise and Fall of the Millionaires" would be an excellent subject for an article. One whose wife gave the finest social entertainments of her time in London died in a garret, two committed suicide soon after their financial collapse, and others have vanished, their names conveying no suggestion to the younger generation!

As the country house season is now setting in murmurs are reviving at the enormous amount of money which has to be spent by anyone who accepts an invitation to stay a few days with friends in the country. There is the journey there and home, the cabs, and the fees to the gamekeepers and servants. In his review of "Sir Henry Holland's Recollections," Mr. Abraham Hayward writes:—"The late General Phipps made it a rule never to accept an invitation for a less period than would cover the expense of posting at the rate of a day for every ten miles." A tariff on the same principle adapted to railroad travelling might be laid down.

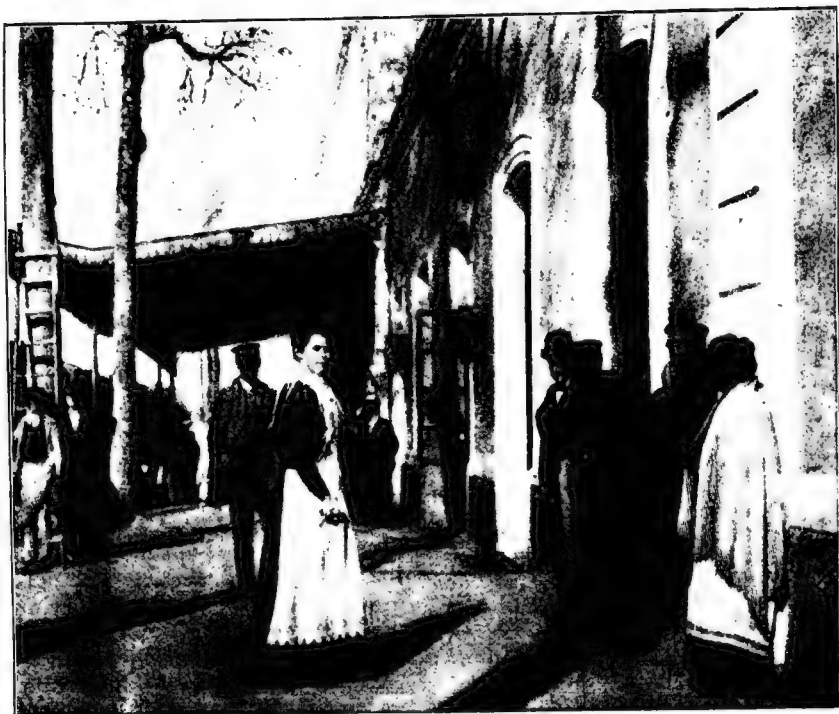
It is incomprehensible that hosts and hostesses at this time of day tolerate the pernicious system of guests being expected to give fees to the servants of the house. No doubt these servants are required to do more work when a large party is being entertained, but it is the province of their masters and mistresses to pay for such extra labour, and it is most unbecoming for the latter to mulct their guests in the amount. If a host and hostess cannot afford to pay the servants extra on such an occasion they certainly cannot be in a position to spend large sums in entertaining their friends.



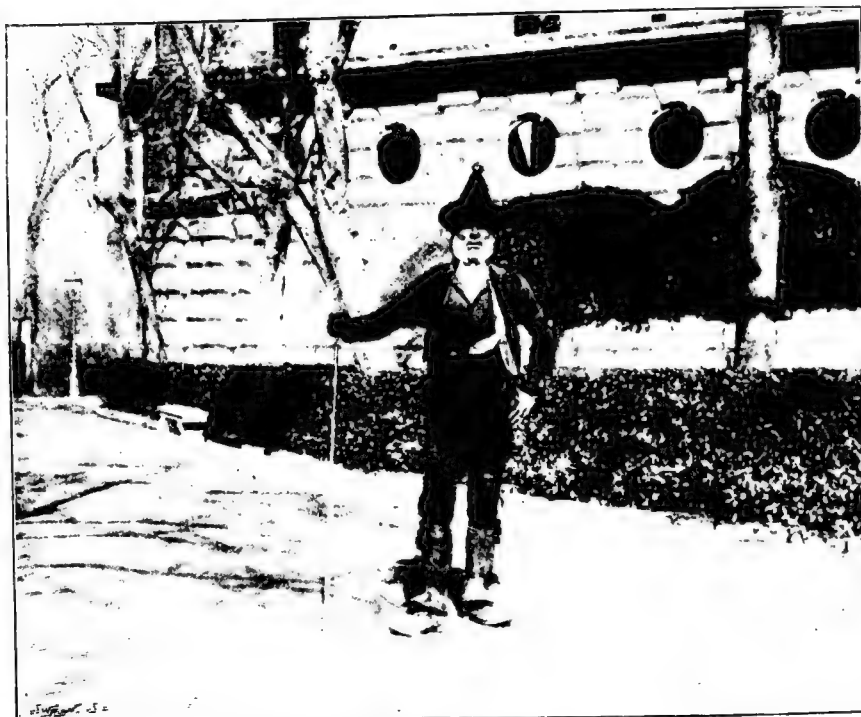
DWELLINGS OF THE GIPSIES AT GRANADA



DANCING GIPSIES AT GRANADA



A SPANISH BEAUTY AT RONDA



THE KING OF THE GIPSIES IN FULL COSTUME



A BULL FIGHT AT RONDA



THE BRIDGE AT RONDA CONNECTING THE NEW WITH THE MOORISH TOWN

THROUGH SPAIN WITH A CAMERA

From Photographs by E. D. Stern

Snapshots in Spain

SPAIN! the idea what a dream, the reality what a disappointment! Three centuries ago one of the most powerful countries of Europe, with the finest colonies, now a mere wreck, with its last possession just wrested from it. The shades of Charles V. everywhere are visible, and especially at Granada, one of the most beautiful spots in Spain, with glorious remnants of a Moorish civilisation which it was too wise to spoil. There may be seen some remnants of that curious and apparently immortal race called Gipsies. Cervantes says of them: "These Gipsies are but a good-for-nothing people, and are only born to pick and steal." The handsome young Gipsy fortune-tellers are popular: they prophesy money to Spanish men, and husbands to Spanish women; and in spite of a general distrust in their cheating words, a little credulous faith will stick with listeners who readily believe what they vehemently wish. The views we give are the King of the Gipsies in full costume, then some women in dancing attitudes, and lastly a group seated at the entrance of one of their dwellings, which are often caves cut in the rocks, closely packed and with little air. They make baskets and metal implements, such as trays, pails, and small ornaments. Their dancing is most graceful, peculiar, and at times dubious, but is well worth seeing, though "Murray" says it is not. Ronda is another remarkable place in Spain, not so overrun by tourists as better known cities; the hotels are terribly bad and the food to match. It is 2,500 feet above the sea, and one of the most strikingly situated towns in Europe. The Moorish town is divided from the new quarter by the "Sajo," a stupendous rent in the mountain some 200 feet wide and 350 feet deep. The modern bridge, which spans the gulf at its narrowest point, connects the new with the Moorish town. It was built in 1760 by Jose Martin Aldeguela, and consists of one arch of 110 feet, with a height above the rocky foundation of 290 feet. The architect was subsequently dashed to pieces by accidentally falling from the parapet into the chasm below. The view looking down from the bridge and that also looking up to the grand and wild cascade are not to be equalled. The streets of Ronda are roughly paved, and very remarkable are the iron bars or "rejas" projecting at each window, and generally holding large quantities of flowers. There is a celebrated fair held in Ronda every year in May, when the ruddy-checked, pretty women are seen in all their force, bloom and beauty, and also at that time a famous bull-fight takes place. We give a view of one of Spain's pretty maids, taken by chance at a railway station; they nearly all look like Murillo's Virgin, with dark hair and glaring black eyes, and the sweetest of smiles and tempers.

As to bull-fights, well we all say they are ghastly and brutal, but we all go to see them. Imagine an enormous circular enclosure like a Roman amphitheatre, centre portion a sandy plain, the sides thick with people up to the very roof, all eager and keen, from the

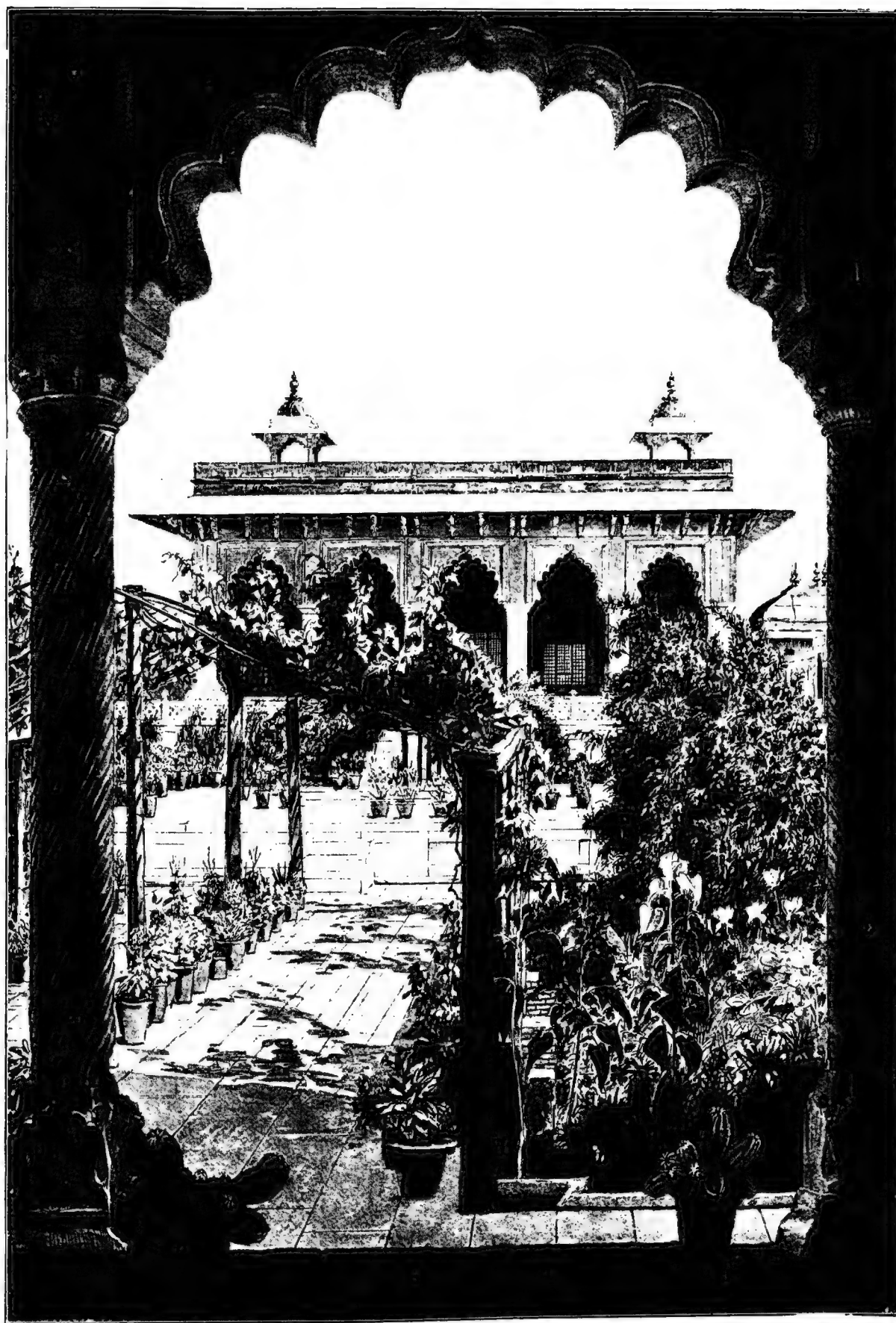
elegantly dressed ladies and men in the upper tiers down to the sloping rows of benches set apart for those who perhaps have had to pawn their shirts to be there. It is the national sport, the crowd you would see on an English racecourse. First comes a procession, headed by two solemn-looking individuals in black velvet on black horses; they are followed by the two "espadas" in bright costumes, after them come half a dozen picadors with round hats and short cloaks, then eight "banderilleros," with bright silk sashes, short breeches, and coloured stockings, and finally the mules which are to drag off the carcasses from the arena. The procession passes through the arena and salutes the President. A few minutes

horse lying near the side of the arena. Each bull kills two or three horses, and then the second act begins, announced by the blowing of trumpets. In this act the "banderilleros" stick pointed darts—"banderillas"—into the neck of the bull; our picture shows a "banderillero" in the very act of doing this. It requires great courage and agility. When the bull is tired the third act commences, announced also by a trumpet sound. In this act the "espada," armed with a short Toledo blade and a red cloth, walks forward to the bull. He plays a short time with the cloth, and then buries the sword deep in the bull's neck; it staggers, falls on its knees, and the *coup de grace* is given by another attendant. Six bulls are killed in succession: about half an hour is allowed for each. These entertainments cost from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, and are held every Sunday in the spring in Madrid and Seville. The "espadas" are held in as high esteem as a jockey is in England. The other day, when Frascuelo, the famous toreador, died, the whole of Madrid turned out for the funeral, and carriage after carriage loaded with flowers followed the bier carried on the shoulders of his surviving comrades.

In Emperor's Palace

OUR engraving which bears this title is a picture of one of the courts in the beautiful palace of the Mogul Emperors, which forms part of the "Fort" of Agra, in North-West India. Sir Harry Johnston, who made the drawing during his visit to India for the recruitment of Indian troops to serve in Africa, writes to us as follows:—"The pavilion which is seen through this archway is the Jasmine Tower, an exquisite structure in marble, which overhangs the River Jamna, and from which a beautiful view is obtained of the Taj Mahal, some two miles distant. This garden, it is believed, has existed more or less since the time of the Mogul Emperors, and it was here that they spent the hot hours of the day; but it was much injured during the time of the Indian Mutiny, when the 'Fort' at Agra sheltered an innumerable company of Europeans and Eurasians. The 'Fort' contains the most beautiful buildings in all India, but owing to these buildings being connected with a military stronghold, permission to see them and to draw in them can only be obtained by direct application to the officer commanding the fort. These Mogul palaces are so beautiful that it is almost a pity Agra cannot be made the residence of a governor. At present they are unoccupied except by the families of British soldiers inhabiting the fringe of the palaces; therefore almost the only occupants

visible except the two or three native gardeners, are the far from picturesque wives of sergeants and corporals, who languidly trail about these lovely courts and gardens with troops of noisy children. The blot on this beauty is so flagrant that one becomes convinced of the indifference with which the dead regard the living, otherwise Shah Jehan, the builder of these palaces and of the Taj Mahal, and the owner of the Peacock Throne, might well return from the spirit world and clear his earthly home of its frouzy tenants."



ONE OF THE COURTS IN THE PALACE OF THE MOGUL EMPERORS AT AGRA
"AN EMPEROR'S GARDEN"

DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

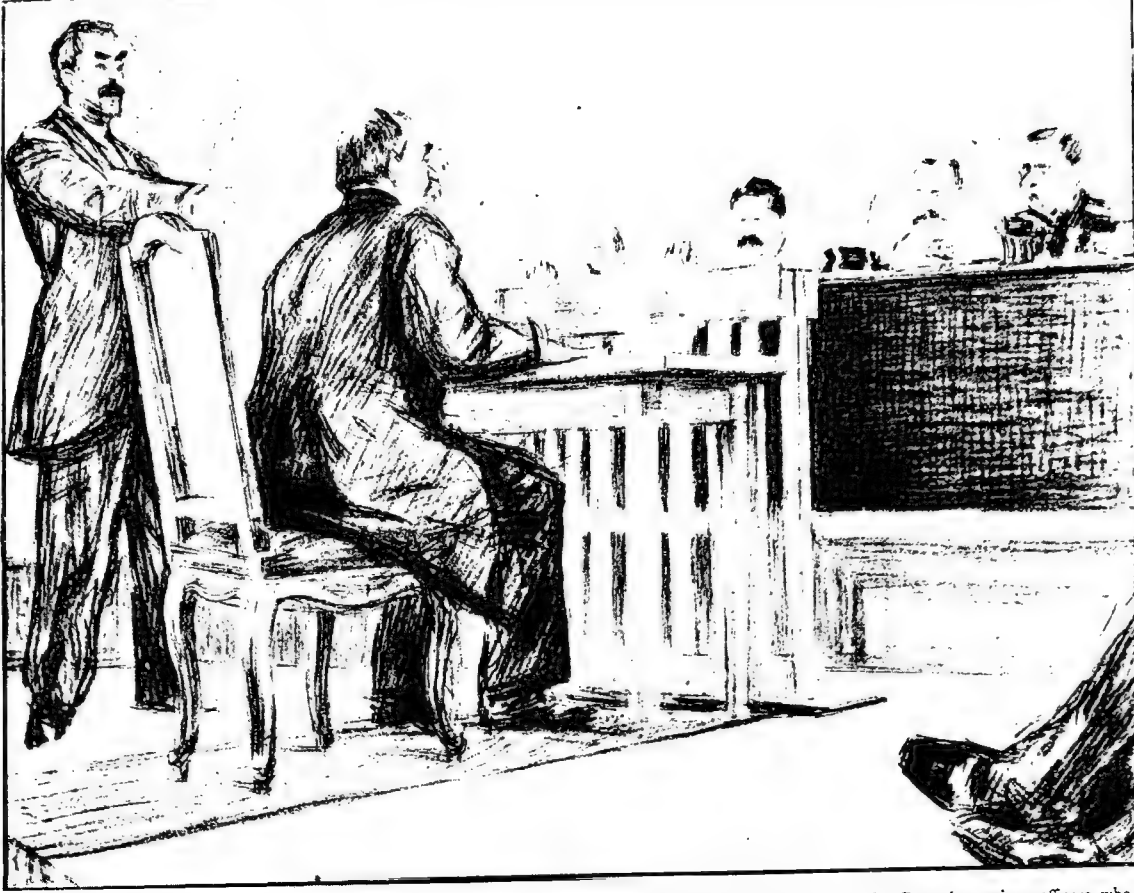
afterwards the "toril" or gate of the bull's den is opened and the bull rushing in stops bewildered at the bright light after coming from his dark prison. He is now teased by men with red cloaks, and he rushes on to one of the picadors mounted on a blindfolded horse; the picador endeavours with a long pike to turn his assailant aside, but he generally lifts up horse and rider together, ripping up the poor horse in a ghastly and sickening manner. The bull is then drawn off by the teasing red cloak, and the picador is rescued from under the horse. In the picture we give may be observed a dead



CAPTAIN LEBRUN-RENAULT
Who alleges that Dreyfus confessed

The Trial of Dreyfus

It is a month now since the Dreyfus trial began, and more than two since the prisoner of Devil's Island was landed at Quiberon to undergo the further ordeal of a second military trial: and still the end has not been reached. The attitude of the generals has not materially changed, even under the bold questioning of Maître Labori—bitter, unrelenting hostility to Dreyfus is their watchword, evidence or no evidence. After much handwriting evidence came the examination of Captain Lebrun-Renault, of the Republican Guard, the officer who was in charge of Dreyfus on January 3, 1895, the day of degradation, and to whom, as he alleged, Dreyfus made a "confession." Lebrun-Renault related in detail the events of that day, and his subsequent appearance before the Minister of War and the President of the Republic. Dreyfus had said to Lebrun-Renault: "I am innocent; in three years my innocence will be recognised. The Minister knows it. He sent word to me of this fact in my cell by Major du Paty de Clam. And the Minister knows that if I furnished documents to Germany they were



A noticeable feature of the trial has been the way in which witnesses have been interrupted with the consent of the Court by various officers who have asked to be heard, and whose evidence is for the most part worthless. While Colonel Cordier was giving his evidence, Colonel Fleur rose and asked to be heard. He was allowed to say what he liked about Colonel Cordier, but his remarks were entirely of a personal nature, with no bearing on the case before the Court.

THE DREYFUS COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES: MILITARY WITNESSES AT VARIANCE
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOARD

without importance, and that I did so to procure for myself more serious and more important ones." These, Lebrun-Renault alleged, were the actual words of the confession, and he noted it down in his pocket-book. Where was the pocket-book? The Minister of War had copied out the leaf on which the confession was entered, and Lebrun-Renault had then destroyed it. How did Lebrun-Renault reconcile the confession with the assertion of innocence? It was not for him to reconcile the statements. Did he consider the phrases used by Dreyfus as a confession? He had no impression as to that. Such was the gist of Lebrun-Renault's cross-examination,

military prison when Dreyfus was lodged there after arrest. He recounted the terrible story of Dreyfus's anguish in the cell. "My sole crime," said Dreyfus to him, "is being a Jew." Several of the witnesses discovered by that great finder of mares' nests, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, have been under examination, but their testimony served only to amuse the audience, who recognised it as mere irresponsible chattering, more fit for an old maids' tea party than for a court-martial. The most important of them, and one whose evidence was strung upon the defence, was Cernuschi, a retired Austrian cavalry officer who said



M. BERTILLON
The Expert with a "system"

and he did not come well out of it. At the end of it Dreyfus rose and asked permission to state his surprise that, after five years, some one who had heard his remarks, beginning with a protestation of innocence and ending with a protestation of innocence, should have allowed himself to be and change these words before his chiefs without asking of the interested person a frank and clear explanation. It was a proceeding which could only make all honest people indignant.

Another interesting witness was Major Forzetti, who was the Governor of the Cherche-Midi



COLONEL PANIZZARDI
Late Italian Military Attaché in Paris, whose evidence Me. Labori has called for



M. CERNUSCHI
Late Officer in the Austro-Hungarian Army who gave evidence against Dreyfus



GENERAL MERCIER, EX-MINISTER OF WAR
Drawn from Life by our Special Artist, Paul Renoard



COLONEL SCHWARZKOPFEN
Late German Military Attaché in Paris, whose evidence Me. Labori has called for



M. FAIVRE
A witness who criticised M. Bertillon's system

that while he was in France in 1894-5, one of his friends, who was then "chief of one of the sections at the foreign ministry of one of the central European Powers," gave him the name of Dreyfus as one of four correspondents of foreign Powers.

As the trial nears its end the defence has taken an important step. The prosecution having brought in foreign witnesses, Maître Labori has telegraphed to the German Emperor, begging him to authorise the departure for Rennes of Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, who was the German Military Attaché in Paris at the time of Dreyfus's arrest, to whom it is supposed the *bordereau* was communicated, and who is supposed to have been the writer of the *petit bleu* note to Esterhazy.

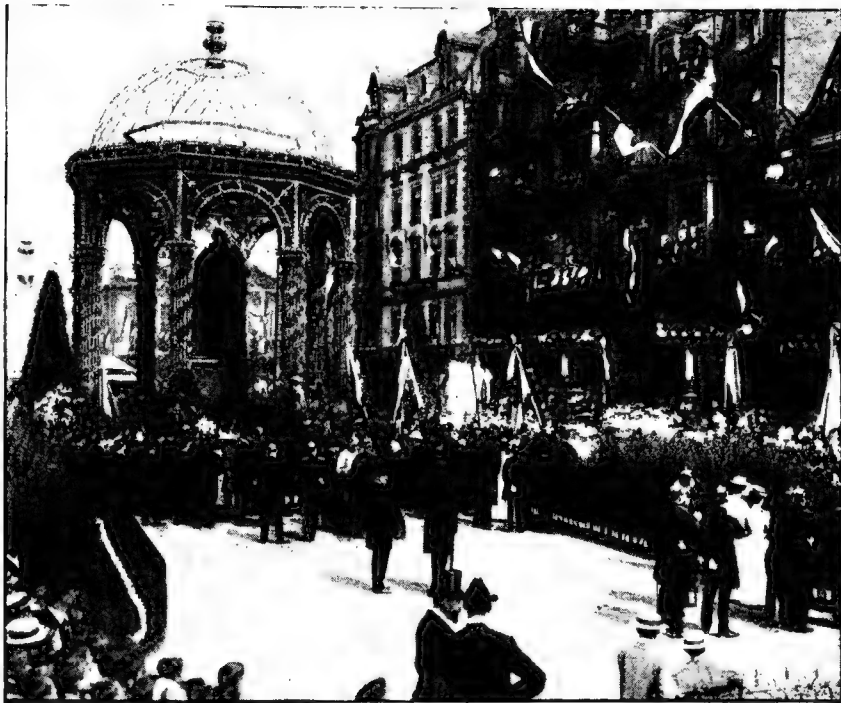
Music

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN

WE now have two series of Promenade Concerts in active progress in London, for the Queen's Hall performances have been going on for a fortnight, and on Saturday last Covent Garden was reopened with an entertainment for which, from the time of Jullien and Alfred Mellon downwards, it was for upwards of forty years famous. Indeed, in some quarters, it has been taken for granted that the Promenade Concerts originated at Covent Garden. As a matter of fact, however, the idea was borrowed from the Concerts Musard, Paris, and the "Proms" were started at the Lyceum, which in the first year of the Queen's reign was taken by members of the Opera Orchestra who temporarily found themselves out of engagement; and, with the late Mr. Willy at their head, began a series of concerts on very much the same lines as those given now. The programmes, it was true, were then mainly devoted to dance pieces, but the arrangements of the house were almost identical with those of Covent Garden of to-day, the stage and auditorium being boarded over, and a huge band stand being erected across the proscenium. The stage decorations at Covent Garden this year include the effective scene of Omdurman, which was originally painted for the Fancy Dress Balls last winter, while the boxes are daintily decorated with baskets of flowers and pink electric lamps. The orchestra, which contains many well-known faces, will probably be better when it has enjoyed further rehearsal, and when the absurdity is abandoned of introducing a military band, that of the 2nd Life Guards, into the finale of such a masterpiece as the *William Tell* overture. An artistic mistake of this sort is unjustifiable in these days of musical enlightenment. During the present week there have been a series of interesting programmes, that on Monday being devoted to national music in commemoration of the fall of Khartoum, while on Tuesday M. De Lisle's symphonic poem, *Song of the Sea*, was produced; on Wednesday there was a classical night; on Thursday Mr. Elgar was announced to conduct some of his own works, and on Friday Mr. Coleridge-Taylor had promised to direct an orchestral suite formed out of some of his Negro and other dances.

QUEEN'S HALL CONCERTS

At Queen's Hall the attendance at the Promenade Concerts has, of course, been much larger since the very hot weather ceased. Mr. Wood has also now considerably improved his programmes, which as to the



The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe was celebrated with much enthusiasm in his native city of Frankfurt. During the middle of the day a great procession, consisting of deputations from over 300 schools and societies, marched through the Goethe Platz and laid wreaths at the foot of the poet's statue, in front of which stood representatives of the Government, the city of Frankfurt, German Universities, the Goethe Society and the Vienna Goethe Union. Our illustration is from a photograph by C. F. Fay, Frankfurt.

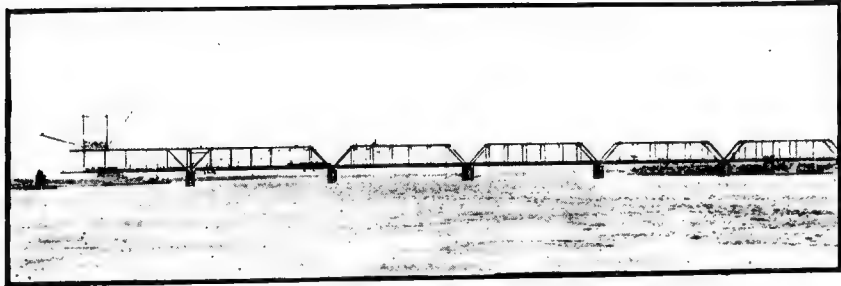
THE GOETHE PROCESSION AT FRANKFURT: PASSING THE POET'S STATUE

first week were devoted mainly to familiar works. On Saturday he produced for the first time a "Suite Characteristique" by Tschaiikowsky, a work written as far back as 1883 for the Moscow Orchestral Society, but hitherto unknown to London. It consists of five comparatively short movements, the best of which are a waltz, a dreamy fourth movement, and a finale avowedly written after the style of the Russian composer Dargomyzski. In the course of the present week Mr. Wood likewise promises for the first time at these concerts two movements from Dr. Saint-Saëns' *Dejanire* music, five Flemish dances by

of Sir George Cathcart's Division. It fought with great distinction and heavy loss at the Alma and at Inkerman. A second battalion was raised in 1858. It went to South Africa in 1879, and was present at Ulundi, and subsequently in the Sekukuni War in the Transvaal. The gallant services of this battalion in the defence of Potchefstroom and Pretoria during the wretched Boer War won high praise. The Gordon Highlanders hardly need an introduction, for their spirited assault on the heights of Dargai in the campaign of 1897 is fresh in everyone's mind. At the time much was written about the "Gay Gordons," and though the story of this gallant regiment, which is now composed of the old 75th and 92nd regiments, is one which will bear repeating, lack of space forbids more than a passing notice. It was the old 75th that stormed the Dargai heights, and the 92nd, the old Gordon Highlanders, are proud of the battalion that was added in 1882 to them to make the present two-battalion regiment. Whenever there is fighting to be done the Gordons are always in request, and now it is said that they are to go to the Cape.

The other Highland regiment represented in the supplement, Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has also a distinguished record. The regiment has since 1882, when it received its present title, been composed of the old

91st Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders and the old 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. The two battalions have earned for the regiment a good record, and their colours bear the following names: Cape of Good Hope, 1806, Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Pyrenes, Nivelle, Niro, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, South Africa, 1846-7, South Africa, 1851-2-3, Alma, Balaklava, Sevastopol, Lucknow, South Africa, 1879. It may be stated that it is the only infantry regiment that bears Balaklava on its colours. The legend commemorates the repulse of the Russian Horse, which recoiled scattered and defeated before the steady volleys of the 93rd, drawn up by Sir Colin Campbell in the now historical "thin red line" on the memorable October 25, 1854.

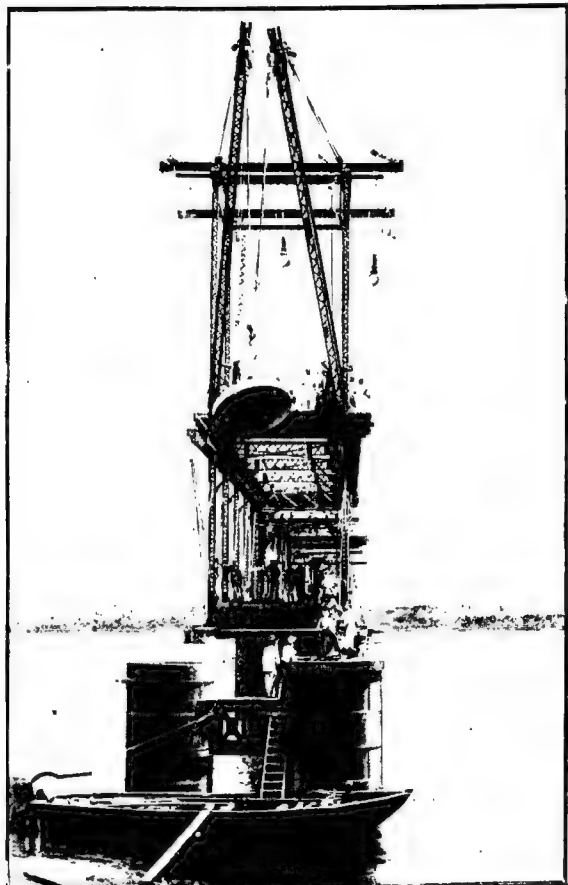


VIEW OF THE BRIDGE: COMPLETING THE SIXTH SPAN

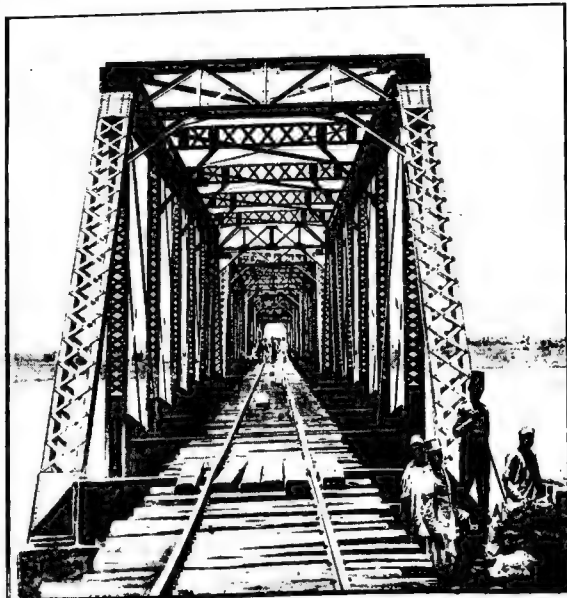
Jan Blockx, a Caucasian Suite by the Russian composer Ivanoff, a piece for strings by Mr. Pitt, a Russian piece by M. P. Wolkoff, and the introduction to the second act of Goldmark's *Die Kriegergefangenen*.

The Atbara Bridge

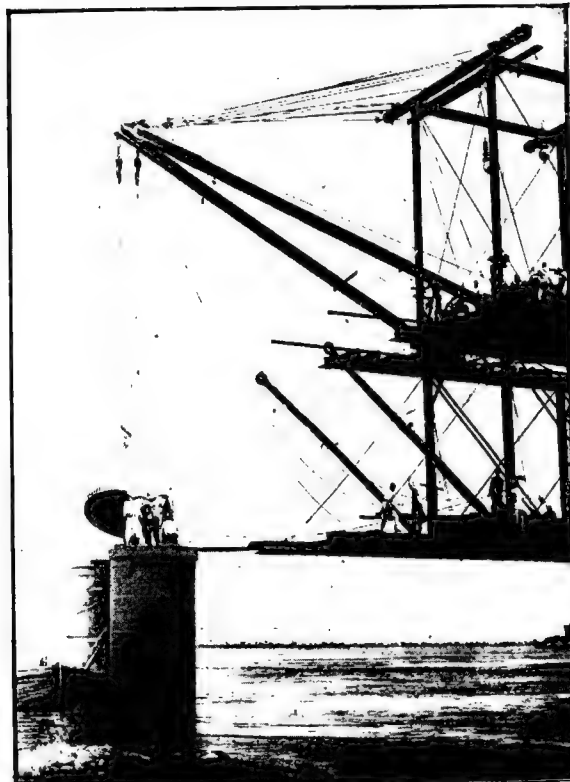
THE bridge over the River Atbara has been completed, and opened by the Sirdar. English engineers are naturally jealous of the fact that an American firm secured the contract for a work which is destined to become a link in the chain of communication between Cairo and the Cape. All the other railway making has been the result of unskilled labour organised by British soldiers. The spanning of the Atbara, of course, required more skilled labour than the Fellaheen afford. It is to be regretted, of course, that it is not British work, but the American firm offered to build the bridge in so much shorter time, and for so much less than the British firms, that they won the contract. Egyptian soldiers and natives,



PLACING THE CAP ON THE TOP OF A PIER



END VIEW, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY LINE



LOWERING A CAP INTO ITS PLACE

THE SPANNING OF THE ATBARA RIVER: COMPLETING THE BRIDGE



FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOINE WHITEY, R.N.

“There was a storm last night, and a collier was wrecked within sight of the shore. To-day the morning was beautiful, and the beach was crowded. The lifeboat came up, and there was a call for help to haul her up. Instantly volunteers came forward from all sides, and a very novel sight the captain presented manned by all sorts and conditions of people. Holiday-makers of both sexes, niggers, a parson, boatmen, a soldier, and even a ‘Pierrot,’ who had been giving a performance, all pushing with a will at the capstan, made a curious picture not easily forgotten.”—Extract from a Holiday Letter

“ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS”: HAULING UP THE ‘LIFEBOAT’ ON THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK

The Bull-fights at Boulogne

BY AN EYE-WITNESS

SUNDAY's bull-fights at Boulogne furnished a sorry spectacle. It is true we were spared having to witness the disembowelling of horses or the death of a matador. But to some people these elements seemed wanting to complete the enjoyment of the occasion. Bull-fighting is new to the north of France, although it has been practised in the south for some time past, where it seems to have caught on with public taste. An attempt is being made to popularise the so-called sport in the north. It is not an easy thing to do, because it is a very expensive form of amusement, and cannot be practised without very considerable public support. The French bull-fighters are a far more numerous body than one would have thought. There are bull-fighters' clubs and similar organisations. They have their *Revue*, from the current number of which it appears that bull-fights are much more frequent occurrences than we on this side of the Channel have ever suspected. The Boulogne bull-fights are said to be the joint speculation of M. Félix Robert and Señor Llaverito. The former is understood to be the only Frenchman who has attained in the bull-fighting world to the rank of matador. Llaverito is a Spaniard, a marvellously expert matador, and a well-known exponent of his art both at Seville and Madrid.

Sunday's tournament was the second that has been held at Boulogne. It took place in an amphitheatre which has been erected on the Place Capécure. Timber is the material of which it is built, and it has been so constructed that it can readily be taken down and put up again in another place, and in this respect resembles the "fit-up" travelling circus or theatre as frequently seen in England. Its promenades and galleries will accommodate over eight thousand visitors when filled. On Sunday afternoon about half this number were present, and of these, I should say, about 25 per cent. were English. In spite of the hideous nature of the sport, there is in its conduct a great deal that is picturesque. Witness the entrance of the herald attired in the rich body costume and the flowing cloak of a Spanish grandee, and mounted on his proudly curvetting horse to inquire whether it be the president's pleasure for the fight to be commenced; the procession of the matadors, the banderilleros, and the picadors, to salute the president, the eagerness with which even the most distinguished women in the audience contest for the honour of holding the matador's superbly brocaded cloak while he is engaged in his loathsome business in the ring, and the favours that are showered upon one or either of them when they have delivered the long postponed *coup de grace* to some tortured and tottering beast, to whom at length it has come as a happy release from suffering and goading that must have been indescribable.

Six bulls were killed on Sunday. This was the tale of the afternoon's amusement. Félix Robert and Llaverito killed alternately. Robert commenced, and the first bull to enter the ring provided twenty-five minutes' sport. The picadors had done with him in five minutes, and when they left the ring and the beast to the attentions of the banderilleros he stood dazed and bewildered, with great gaping wounds on his shoulders, from which blood was gushing forth, and his flanks twitching with the agony he experienced. He was soon aroused from his stupor, and played with cloaks until the very activity he put forth pumped the blood from his open wounds. Advancing with the darts poised before him at full arms' length, a banderillero soon had them planted above the bull's shoulders. The operation was repeated three times, until at length he had a frill around his neck of gaily decked sticks each about twenty-four inches long, and held there by steel darts with barbed points. Time and time again does Robert make a false point with his long Toledo blade. At length he has driven it up to the hilt into the bull's body, the point entering just behind its neck. The matador was only too ready to assume that his task was over, so turning to the president he made obeisance by bending to the knee. The audience became exceedingly demonstrative of its pleasure and appreciation of his skill and daring. But the bull would not die. It would not fall. Seconds seemed like hours as

they passed while the bull stood with his head lowered, with foaming mouth and protruding tongue, and the matador's sword still where he had placed it. Presently it was realised that Llaverito had bungled, and that the sword had to be withdrawn and used again. How hideous it all was!

Llaverito is by far the most expert exponent of his gruesome art. He scarcely made a false stroke during the whole time he was in the arena, and in one instance he had a bull lying dead at his feet in exactly seven minutes after it had entered the ring. The impression left on the spectator's mind after the fight was one of weariness, loathing and bewilderment. Weariness at the sameness and repetition of the whole thing, loathing for the creatures who would applaud and encourage the exponents of the bull-fighting art, and bewilderment as to the frame of mind into which it must be necessary to work one's self before being able to appreciate anything so savouring of brutality and barbarism.

The New National Theatre at Christiania

No less than twenty years have elapsed since the Norwegians, deeming it necessary to possess a theatre worthy of the name, and worthy of the histrionic talent they owned in their midst, appointed a committee to collect the necessary funds towards the erection of a national playhouse, and promote the object in view.



HERR BJÖRN BJØRNSEN
Director of the Theatre

It was not, however, until 1888 that the Government granted the Company a plot in Studenterslunden at Christiania, facing the University, for the purpose, and only in 1891 could operations be commenced. The site itself left nothing to be desired, but the ground being soft and unable to bear the weight of a large building it became necessary to drive no less than 3,400 piles, varying in length from twenty-seven to forty feet, into the clay on which to lay the foundation, which consists of floors of concrete, varying from two to four feet in thickness, these being rendered all the more solid, if possible, by means of iron rails embedded in the cement under all the walls of the building. By 1895 the theatre was roofed in, but the funds being well-nigh exhausted, further operations were partly suspended until some money was obtained by the issue of new shares, which, however, only brought in about 6,000 out of the 37,000 needed for its completion. In 1897, the Government sanctioned the opening of a public lottery, and a great part of the profits being handed over to the committee enabled it to finish the task.

Externally the building presents few features of architectural interest, it being, however, an imposing, if somewhat ponderous-looking, structure of yellow brick. Internally the style of the auditorium is modified rococo, white, yellow, and red being the prevailing colours used in decoration, the ceiling being ornamented with paintings. It is large and airy, its acoustic properties being apparently excellent, and provides ample accommodation for 1,268 spectators.

The width of the stage at the curtain is thirty-five feet and height twenty-six feet. The architecture of the vestibule, stairs, corridors, and foyer is of a modified Italian or rococo style in white Norwegian marble, relieved by mouldings and gilded ornaments.

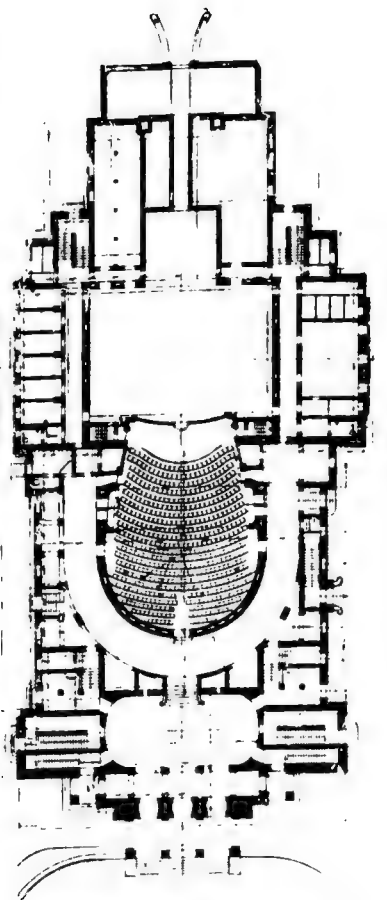
Ample precautions have been taken to ensure safety in the event of fire or panic, that part of the building devoted to the stage being separated by thick walls and

self-closing fireproof doors, the auditorium being protected, or cut off from the stage, by an iron curtain. No less than thirty doors allow of egress from the auditorium to the large corridors and broad staircases, as well as to the foyer and its balcony over the porch at the main entrance, which lies at no great height from the ground, while a fair number of hydrants for extinguishing purposes are fitted throughout.

Facing the main entrance, but with their backs to the edifice, two statues have been erected of Ibsen and Bjørnsen, the two men who have done most for the stage in Norway. These represent the poets in characteristic attitudes, but cannot be regarded as productions of any great merit.

The Norwegians having now provided themselves with a first-class theatre, it remains for them to see that it is kept afloat not only by the talent of the few but good players they possess, but by means of operatic performances and light plays, which would vary the monotony of entertainment which almost caused the ruin of the old playhouse. Being, however, under the management and in the hands of Herr Björn Bjørnsen (son of the famous poet-politician), a man of great histrionic powers and admirable administrative qualities, there can be little doubt but that its success is assured for some time to come.

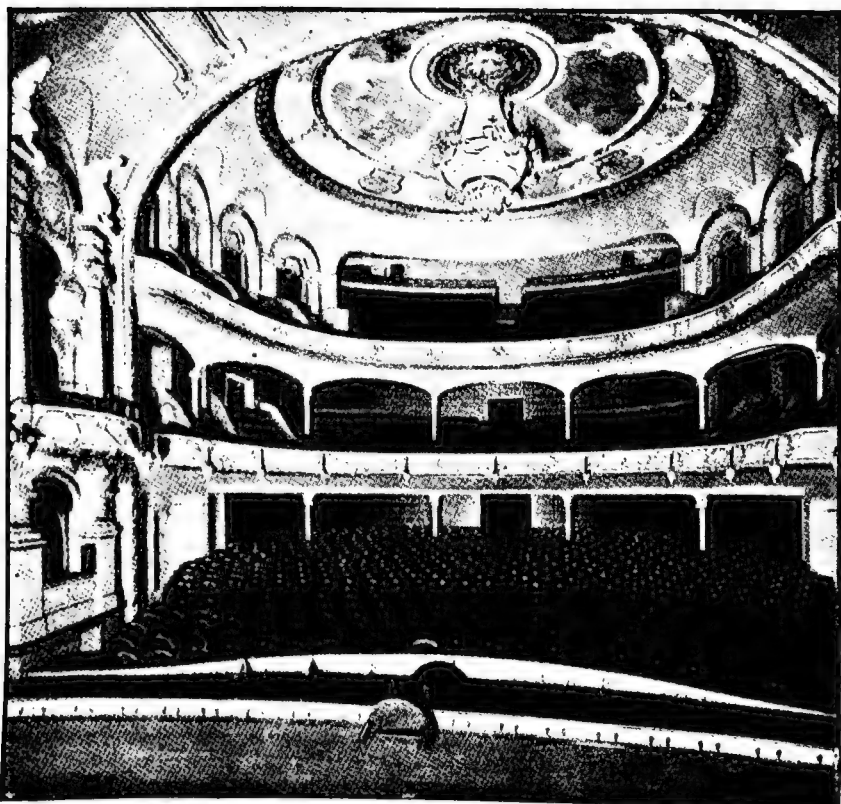
The Theatre at Christiania was opened last week, with a performance given under the patronage of the King of Norway and



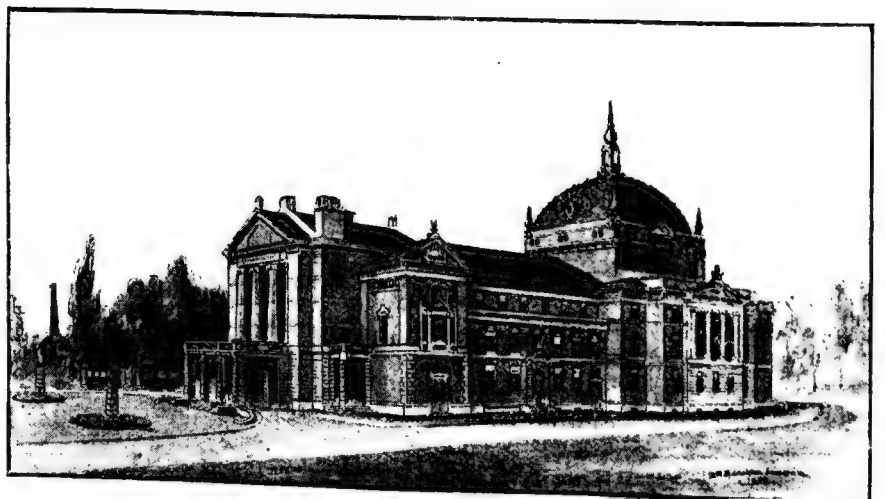
GROUND PLAN OF THE THEATRE



THE FOYER



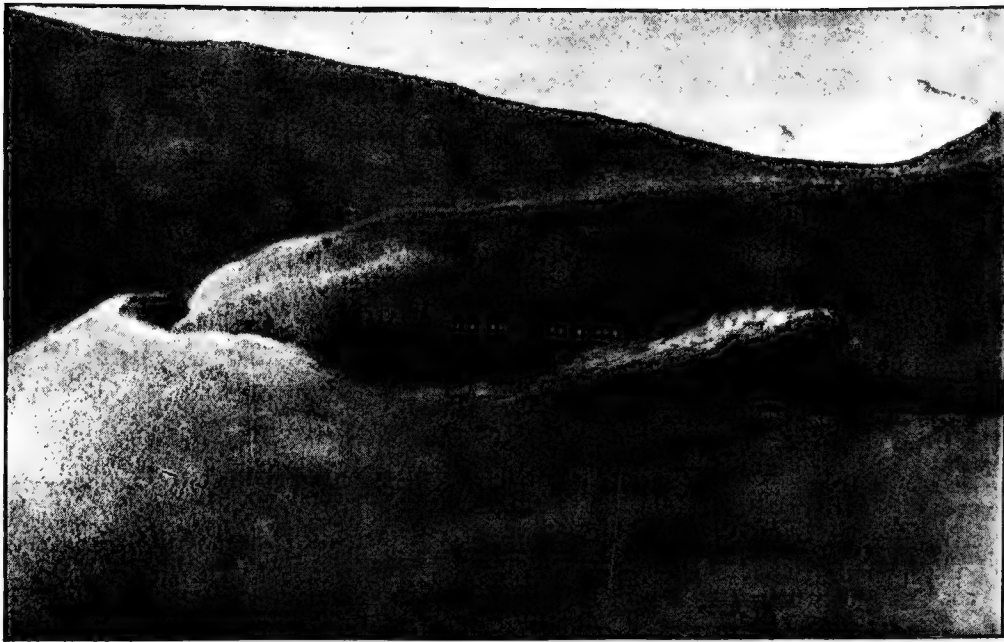
THE AUDITORIUM FROM THE STAGE



THE EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING



A TRAIN ENTERING THE TUNNEL NEAR GLACIER POINT



A TRAIN IN A SNOWSTORM

ON THE YUKON AND WHITE PASS RAILWAY

The Yukon and White Pass Railway

THE construction of the line now completed from Skagway City, Alaska, to Lake Bennett, a distance of 41½ English miles, has proved one of the most difficult pieces of engineering of the present day. The company, an English one, which constructed the line was organised with a capital of 1,000,000*l.* to build a narrow-gauge line between the port of Alaska and the Five Finger Rapids, the latter point in British territory, and probably as far as Selkirk, only 150 miles from Dawson City. A noteworthy fact in connection with the railway is the short time taken to complete the line over the much feared White Pass. The preliminary survey was commenced on April 12, 1898, construction started May 12, the first track was laid on June 15, and the first excursion train

was sent to Boulder Station, five miles, July 24. On August 25 the rails were completed to Heaney Station, a distance of twelve miles. From that point the difficulties of engineering only commenced; the track from that point makes a horseshoe sweep around the glacier on to a point called Tunnel, below White Pass City. The views from that point are magnificent, far surpassing anything to be seen in Switzerland. One of the most picturesque spots is the "Switchback," close to the summit station. Many times during the construction the track was snowed up with as much as 40 feet of snow, but the work proceeded night and day with the assistance of search-lights. The summit of the Pass was reached February 20, 1899, and the track then entered British territory. Track-laying from the summit was commenced June 21, 1899, to Lake Bennett, and the entire line was completed for traffic July 5. The total number of men employed on the line averaged 1,500. The average

cost per mile runs from 2,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* It is calculated that the line will reach the Five Finger Rapids in the middle of next summer, when it will be possible to reach Klondyke from England in less than twenty days.

"JOHN WISDEN'S CRICKETERS' ALMANAC" (John Wisden and Co.), which is edited by Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, and is now published for the thirty-sixth year, is the recognised authority on the annals of cricket. Portraits are given of the "five great players of the season," those selected being William Storer, Albert Trott, Mr. C. L. Townsend, Lockwood, and Wilfrid Rhodes. The obituary list contains the names of two famous cricketers—Ulyett and Mr. I. D. Walker.



A DEGRADING SPECTACLE: THE BULL-FIGHT AT BOULOGNE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. PIKE

Good Queen Charlotte

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has scarcely done himself justice in the "Good Queen Charlotte" (Downey and Co.), his newly published life of the ill-fated wife of George III. Ill-fated she certainly was in the suffering brought on her by her husband's illness, by the suffering brought on her by her son's disaffection, by the difficult part she was called upon to play in the eventful drama in which she was the central figure. The sources to be drawn upon have been so well attacked that not a little of the interesting matter on the nearly three hundred pages of which the book consists is made up of contributions from contemporaries who are allowed to tell their story and to give their evidence in their own words and their own way. Delightful as this method may undoubtedly be, it is apt to become, as are all other methods over used, a trifle monotonous. Pearls of anecdotes are undoubtedly to be found strewn over the pages, but they are often strung on strings of platitudes—witness, for instance, the story that the Queen declared that what makes her angry is, on a wet day, "to see people go up to a window and say, 'What shall we do such a day as this?' 'Do?' I say, 'why, employ yourself, and then what signifies a bad day?'"

Unhappily, however, these are by no means the only faults which may be found in the course of a careful perusal of the book. What, for instance, shall be said of such a grammatical blunder as the one which occurs in this sentence on page 48: "The Commons responded with alacrity, and the handsome jointure of 100,000*l.* a year, with two palaces, were settled upon her"? while to give only one out of many other irritating instances and carelessness the well-known game of cards is spelt on one page "Lu," and on the next "Loo," and, however correct both may be, unanimity would be decidedly more pleasing,

like that advocated by a famous stage manager, who, a French scholar himself, was irritated by the atrocious way in which everyone pronounced differently the same name. "The correct way of pronouncing it," he exclaimed at length more in sorrow than in anger, "is so; but if you are going to pronounce it wrong, for heaven's sake let everyone pronounce it the same way wrong, and let us be consistent in our wrong ideas."

For those, however, who do not object to the flavouring, the

carried away by the mad passions of the hour, and, whatever were her feelings as to the unfilial behaviour of her son, might have been discreet enough at least to conceal them." He cannot, however, refrain from adding, like a good counsel for the defence, "it should be considered, however, that these stories came from her enemies, who were watching and exaggerating everything she did, and whose prejudices made them see every action of hers in the worst light."



A STUDY OF CHINESE LIFE IN THE YANGTSE VALLEY
"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET"

ingredients of which this book is made will be found entertaining enough, and some interesting sidelights on human character may assuredly be found by the student. What, for instance, can be more delightful, looked at from the proper point of view, than the story of the King declaring, when his wife to be had been but a few hours in his company, that he "had been a little disappointed at the first sight of the bride, but when she had gone to dress for the ceremony he, in a very natural way, told his family that he already felt a great affection for her." The Queen's independence of character asserted itself early, and when on her voyage to England some of the ladies told her that the King "liked a particular sort of dress," "Let him dress himself as he likes," she replied, "I will dress as I please," while on the subject of keeping early hours, she declared "she had no notion of going to bed with the fowls." Pictures of Court life, of course, abound, not always inspiring the greatest respect for the manners of the palace, e.g., when robberies of jewels were attempted and carried out even in the royal presence, the Queen herself being subject to this pilfering that can hardly be called petty larceny. To the history of the strife of the opposing factions during the King's illness much space is naturally given, and it is at least significant of the author's desire that his partisanship should not blind him that he admits "the Queen was certainly



DRAWN BY FRED WHITING

FROM A SKETCH BY ELLEN HAMILTON

"Dear Sir,—I send you, as requested, a nice quiet horse. He is a splendid hack, and has been ridden to hounds. He is first-rate at timber, and is like a lamb in his stable. He is a nice harness horse, and quiet to drive.—Your obedient servant, JOB MASTER"—Extract from a Letter

A CONTRAST: A HORSE-DEALER'S STATEMENTS AND THEIR VERIFICATION



THE TRAINING OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS: COSSACKS MAKING RAFTS OUT OF LANCES AND COOKING POTS

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

The necessity of training troops to cross a river without the aid of the Sappers, who are not always available, is thoroughly recognised in Russia, where the country is intersected by rivers. Some new method of transport is always being invented. The other day an experiment was made by the Danube Cossack Regiment. The idea of the experiment was that the troops were to cross a river unaided by any contrivance except such as they could utilise of their wear and stores. Some dozen lances were threaded through the handles of about a dozen cooking pots and the same piece of a raft. Other lances were treated in the same fashion. Twelve of these bundles of lances were laid allward another row threaded with pots, and the two secured soon formed a raft capable of carrying four men and their accoutrements

The Fatal Accident in the Alps

YET another tale of disaster in the Alps has to be added to the long roll of such stories. Every year the passion for mountain climbing seems to claim its victims, and the last story is as tragic as most, four lives being lost. Mr. O. G. Jones, with two guides, Furrer and Zurbriggen, and Mr. Hill, with the guide Vinni, started the other day to climb the Dent Blanche. All went well with them until they were all out to begin the real ascent of the Alps. In going



THE LATE MR. O. G. JONES
Killed on the Dent Blanche

along a ridge which is known to be very dangerous, the two parties were joined together with ropes. The guide Furrer was ahead, being followed by Mr. Jones, Zurbriggen, Vinni, and Mr. Hill. Suddenly Mr. Hill saw Furrer lose his ground and fall into the abyss. Immediately afterwards Mr. Jones, Zurbriggen, and Vinni, tied together, fell headlong after the guide Furrer. Mr. Hill escaped a similar fate in consequence of the rope breaking which tied him to Vinni. Mr. Hill spent forty-eight

hours on the mountain before he found his way to Zermatt. Mr. O. G. Jones was a master at the City of London School. He was appointed to the post of physics master in 1892, when a science side was being organised. He was a highly efficient teacher, and the school will miss him greatly. Mr. Jones received his training at the Finsbury Technical College and at the Central Technical College, South Kensington, at both of which institutions he won scholarships. He graduated B.Sc. at London University, where he took first-class honours in physics. Mr. F. W. Hill, who accompanied Mr. Jones on the expedition, and fortunately escaped the fate which overtook his companion, is second master at the City of London School.

of Egypt, and the splendid work which has been done in that country, Mr. Chalmers Roberts calls attention once more to a curious fact which has been the outcome of our administration. This is, that although France has been the one Power, politically, to hold out as long as possible against consenting to the presence of the English in Egypt, her business men have, on the other hand, been, up to this time, the most forward in taking advantage of the security which the occupation assured.

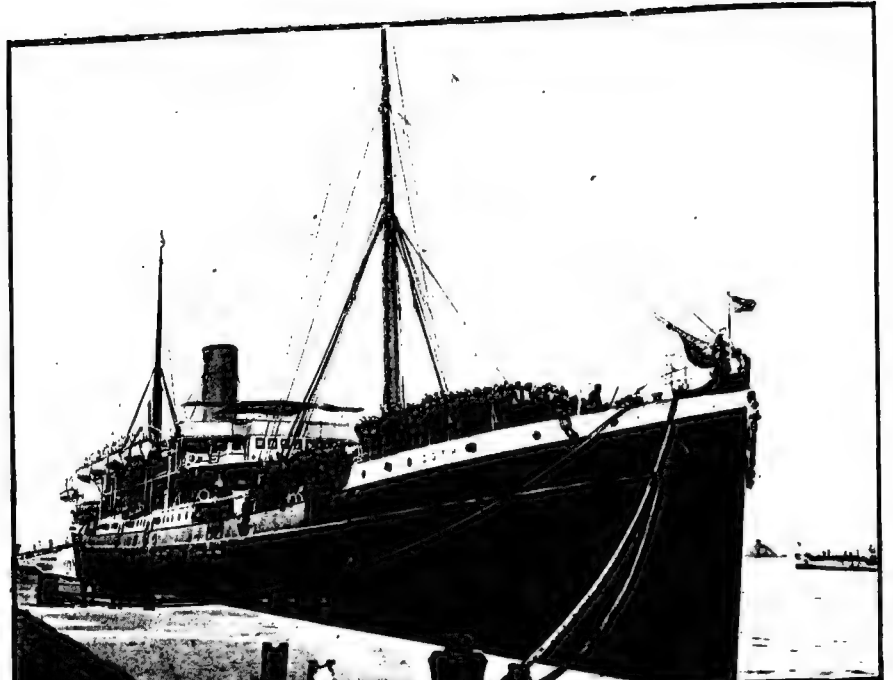
Englishmen held back because their Government has all along declined to declare its intention to remain. "If we invest our money," they said, "and the Government should leave the place, we might lose everything under whoever succeeds." But the Frenchman reasoned: "As long as the British stay I am safe, and sure to be fairly treated. If they go away, why, France will come, and again I shall be all right." So the Frenchman put his money in to the extent of hundreds of millions of pounds, and is rejoicing therefore.

Within the last year or so, British investments in the Nile Valley have increased enormously, and this for a very clear reason.

Within only the last few years, particularly since the reconquest of the Soudan, has Great Britain's determination to remain indefinitely become more and more evident. This has brought that country's capitalists in great numbers. The purchase of the Daira debt secures to them a large portion of old Ismail's vast estates. The National Bank of Egypt, a bank of issue, has been founded by British capital. The great dam and irrigation reservoir at Assuan is being built with two million pounds sterling.

ANGLOPHOBIA AND THE REVIVED HOLY ALLIANCE.

To the *National* Mr. Urbain Gohier, a Frenchman, contributes a profoundly interesting essay on the possibility of a rapprochement between France and Germany. It is impossible to trace here the whole of M. Gohier's argument, but he does not view this sympathy with any satisfaction. It is not merely territorial or mercantile interests that are at stake, but the highest political and moral issues, "for we are in the midst of a struggle the result of which will decide the character of our common civilisation during the approaching century."



The first battalion of the Manchester Regiment, about 1,000 strong, sailed on the 24th ult. from Gibraltar on board the liner transport *Goth* for Natal. Our illustration is from a photograph by Corporal J. Tanti, R.E.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR NATAL: THE S.S. "GOTH" LEAVING GIBRALTAR

becomes imperative for the French people to choose between her two neighbours, Germany and England, the problem may be expressed thus:—"France must elect between the party of human advancement and that of reaction, between a future of light and justice or a relapse into political slavery; in other words, between liberty on the one hand and the resuscitated Holy Alliance on the other."

It is the happy lot of the English people to be regarded throughout the world as the pioneer and guide of other nations in the practice of political and civil liberty. That is why in all times and through all Europe, particularly in France, Liberalism has coincided with a sympathy for England, while hatred of England has invariably supplied both the symptom and the strength of the reactionary current. To-day throughout Europe, and notably in France, which I will take as an illustration, the hostility against England is rising, and with it is rising the tempest of political, religious, philosophic and economic reaction.

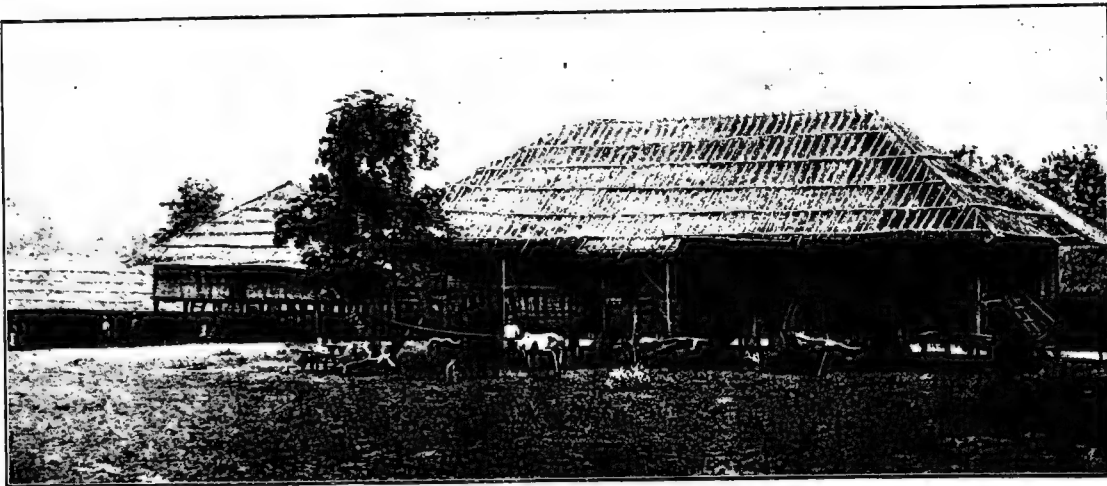
It is England's glory to see her cause linked to that of human liberty. But this glory carries with it certain grave risks of which she will become conscious before long. For against England and against liberty the Holy Alliance of reactionary Governments and the Roman Catholic Church are ranging themselves. The chosen chief of the Holy Alliance is the German Emperor, while the Roman Catholic Church is dominated by the Jesuits, whose "General" is the real Pope.

One cannot follow M. Gohier through all his arguments, but it is something to find a Frenchman bold enough to announce as the result of his reasoning that "with the strength and well-being of England is bound up the fate of liberty in France."

TWO KINGS IN ONE KINGDOM

To the *Pall Mall Magazine* M. Arminius Vambéry contributes a very interesting article on the policy of Russia, and what will happen after the completion of the Siberian Railway. To-day, says M. Vambéry, lifting up his voice to sound the note of prophetic warning, when it has become the fashion "to glorify and idolise all that is Russian, and when people are anxious to discover forcibly, in the horrible quagmire of tyranny and despotism, the light of humanity, and the *ne plus ultra* of nobility of thought—to day public opinion does not concern itself very much with the Russian encroachment in the Far East. But I am afraid posterity will be ashamed of having been beguiled by the Siren song of the Russian Apostle of peace."

The day will come when it will be seen how disastrous and how nefarious it was to connive at, nay, to assist the victory of semi-Asiatic autocracy over the propagator of unadulterated Western light and liberty. Let us hope it will not be too late for England, who has stood up valiantly for her defence in the beginning of our closing century, and who will be able to weather the approaching storm in the next century. In the meantime, Russia's exertions in the Far East will serve as an appropriate and effective warning to those who eagerly put their faith in the famous dictum: "Asia is big enough for England and for Russia"—and who forget that the Persian poet's saying, "Ten dervishes have room on one carpet, but not two kings in one kingdom," ought to attract more attention from those who care for the welfare of England.



THE BURMAH MILITARY POLICE: OFFICERS' BUNGALOW AT SHWEBO

Notes from the Magazines

ARE WE TO LOSE SOUTH AFRICA?

In the *Nineteenth Century* Sir Sidney Shippard replies to the criticisms on his first article, and speaks out perhaps even more plainly than before on the subject of the future of South Africa. Very interesting indeed are the few words which he has to say on the subject of that much discussed gentleman, President Kruger.

That he is in many respects a very remarkable man; that in his best days he has given proof of determination, personal courage, natural ability, and great cunning in dealing with men, must be admitted; but none the less he is an ignorant, obstinate, narrow-minded man, tormented by force of circumstances and the blindness of British statesmen into a position which he ought never to have occupied. His government of the Transvaal for the last eighteen years, if judged by its fruits, must be pronounced a dead failure. It has indeed enriched the members and hangers-on of a corrupt oligarchy through the plundering of the stranger within their gates; but it has kept the whole country back in every conceivable way, and has actually brought it to the verge of a civil war which might spread through the whole of South Africa.

Sir Sidney seems inclined to doubt whether Mr. Kruger is now able "to control the monstrous Government he has created," but he thinks as it may he has no doubt about the course the President should pursue, and that is that he should resign.

If he cannot or will not secure the introduction of the necessary reforms, it is only by prompt resignation that he can hope to save his people from the horrors of war. As far as he is personally concerned the loss of office would be no great disaster. He is said to be more or less unnerved. He is an old man who has long since made his mark, and he has, moreover, made what is for a Boer a very large fortune. He lacks superfluities on the stage. He might rest and be thankful if by resignation he could indirectly be the means of preserving peace and securing such a measure of internal independence for the Transvaal as his long suffering and generous Sovereign might still be willing on certain conditions to vouchsafe. Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished by all friends of peace.

As to the prospects of war, Her Majesty's Government, the writer thinks, has only to show that it is in earnest and then the Boers will be "greater fools than I take them for if their natural shrewdness does not teach them to bow to the inevitable."

WHERE FRANCE REAPS THE BENEFIT

In the course of a long article in *Harper's* on the British occupation

The years which Germany has devoted to effecting a reconciliation have so far produced very little beyond a more and more acute manifestation of Anglophobia, but if, says the writer, "it



The Burmah Military Police is composed of soldiers of the Indian Army selected from various regiments, and under the command of officers of the Indian Staff Corps; the Shwebo battalion consists of over 1,150 of all ranks; the headquarters are at Shwebo, with several detached outposts. These troops have been mainly engaged in the pacification of the country and in the suppression of "Dacoity," entailing much hard work and very arduous duty.

THE BURMAH MILITARY POLICE: NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SHWEBO BATTALION

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"BONNIE MAGGIE LAUDER"

READERS who have no taste for the kailyard must not let themselves be prejudiced against Mr. Alan St. Aubyn's new novel (F. V. White and Co.) by its title—"Wha wadna be in love wi' Bonnie Maggie Lauder?" For, in spite of both, the Lauders to whom two successive Maggies belonged are an ancient Devonshire family immemorably located near Barnstaple. Both were

bonny. But Maggie the first developed into a shrew and termagant; while her daughter, Maggie the second, though a nice girl enough, scarcely calls for lyrical enthusiasm. None the less, the farm lad, risen high enough to purchase the old seat of the impoverished Lauders, was unquestionably in love with both—with the mother when he was a boy, and with the daughter in his middle age. Is it a note of the time that the mature millionaire seems to be ousting from the place of romance-hero the once universally popular "Ineligible"? It is to be hoped, however, that posterity will not accept Mr. St. Aubyn's ladies (by position) as in other respects representative of their class in our time. At any rate, he might have placed their vulgar and studiously abusive insolence elsewhere than in kindly and courteous Devon. Nor, we are afraid, is the possibility of his plot quite consistent with the Statute of Limitations, and the frequent obligation of owners of real property to set out their title. In short, the novel has weak points in plenty. And that it still remains a pleasant and interesting one proves that the saying about a chain being no stronger than its weakest link is not always true of a story.

"IN FULL CRY"

One seems to be looking across the footlights while following Mr. Richard Marsh's "In Full Cry" (F. V. White and Co.). In short, it is just melodrama; and, like melodrama, requiring the atmosphere of the stage to be effectively convincing. The plot is strong enough—the attempt of a girl to bring one lover, whom she knows to be innocent, to the gallows to save another whom she believes to be guilty. She, and the leading characters, are such as one would expect to meet with in a "doss-house"—that is to say, in a stage rendered scenes, culminating in about the most sensational murder-trial on record.

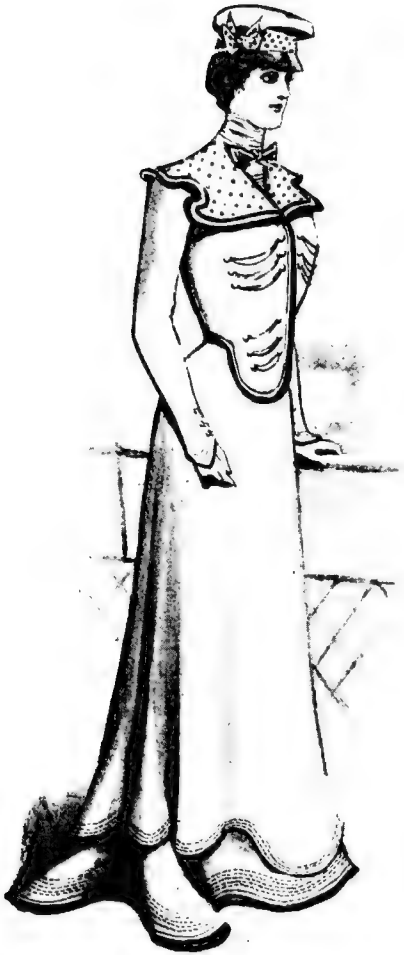
"A MONK OF CRUTA"

A mysterious monk, always turning up when least looked for, and burdened with some fatal secret that he is always talking about but cannot tell; a mysterious dancing girl, who wears amazing tea-gowns, doubles her limbs under her "like a panther's," and inspires three brothers at once with tragic passion; a mysterious lord of a mysterious island; a mysterious foreign lady, with another ineffable secret; a mysterious assassination; a mysterious foreign valet—such are a few of the mysteries of E. Phillips Oppenheim's "A Monk of Cruta" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). We certainly fancied that this sort of fiction was no longer to be found save as a survival on the shelves of some circulating library in some exceptionally stagnant seaside corner. The talk of the various characters is to match, and so are their dark flushes, their sobs, their bursts of passion, their silent transfixures, and their "terrible, shrinking look of fear."

"A DASII FOR A THRONE"

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont has none of the timidity which induces Mr. Anthony Hope or Mr. Sydney Grier to make additions to the atlas and gazetteer when representing contemporary politics on the grand scale. His hero, the Count von Rudloff, gets into trouble by knocking down in a drunken quarrel, and well-nigh killing, the present German Emperor; and his subsequent adventures are in connection with a plot to depose the late King of Bavaria in favour of a more legitimately entitled Countess Minna

von Gramberg, complicated with a plot within a plot in favour of a Duke, Marx of Ostenburg. Certainly nobody else has hitherto been aware of how large a part abduction and assassination, in regular Borgia style, have played in the history of a State so well within the pale of current civilisation. The story, however, has other merits than courage—if that be quite the proper word for Mr. Marchmont's decidedly extreme view of the privileges of fiction. The manner in which the hero is compelled, against his will, to assume the position of Prince von Gramberg after his own supposed death is such a triumph of ingenious workmanship that one hesitates to call it impossible; and the romantic adventures which crop up from the maze of intrigue are not only exciting, but coherent and really well managed.



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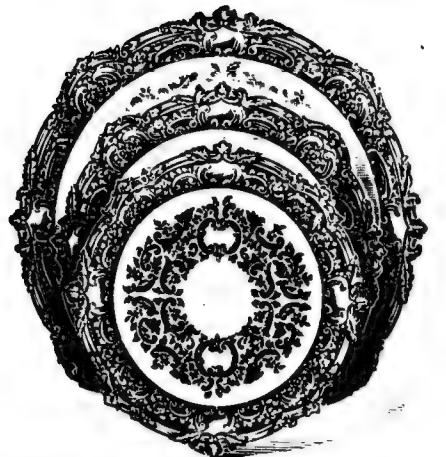
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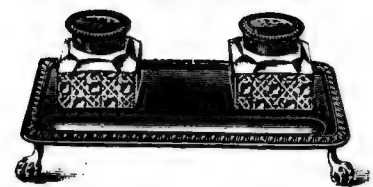
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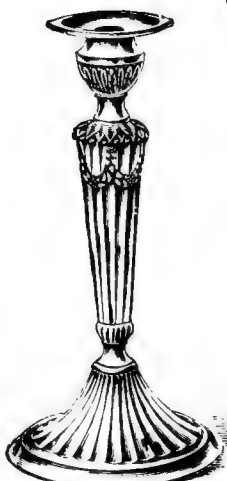
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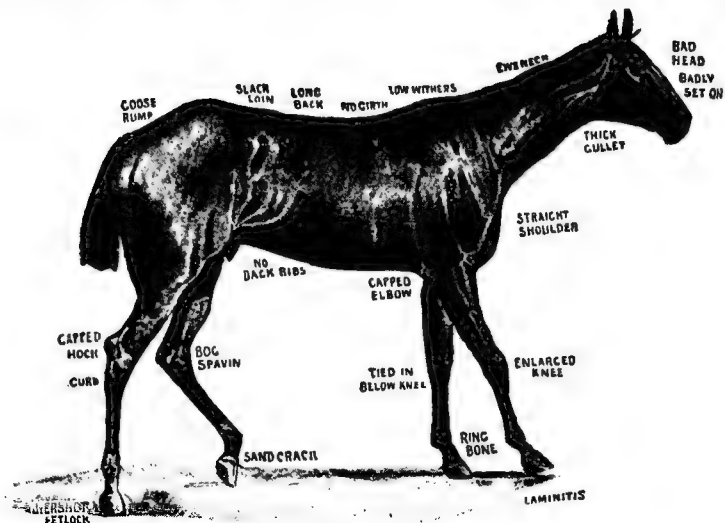
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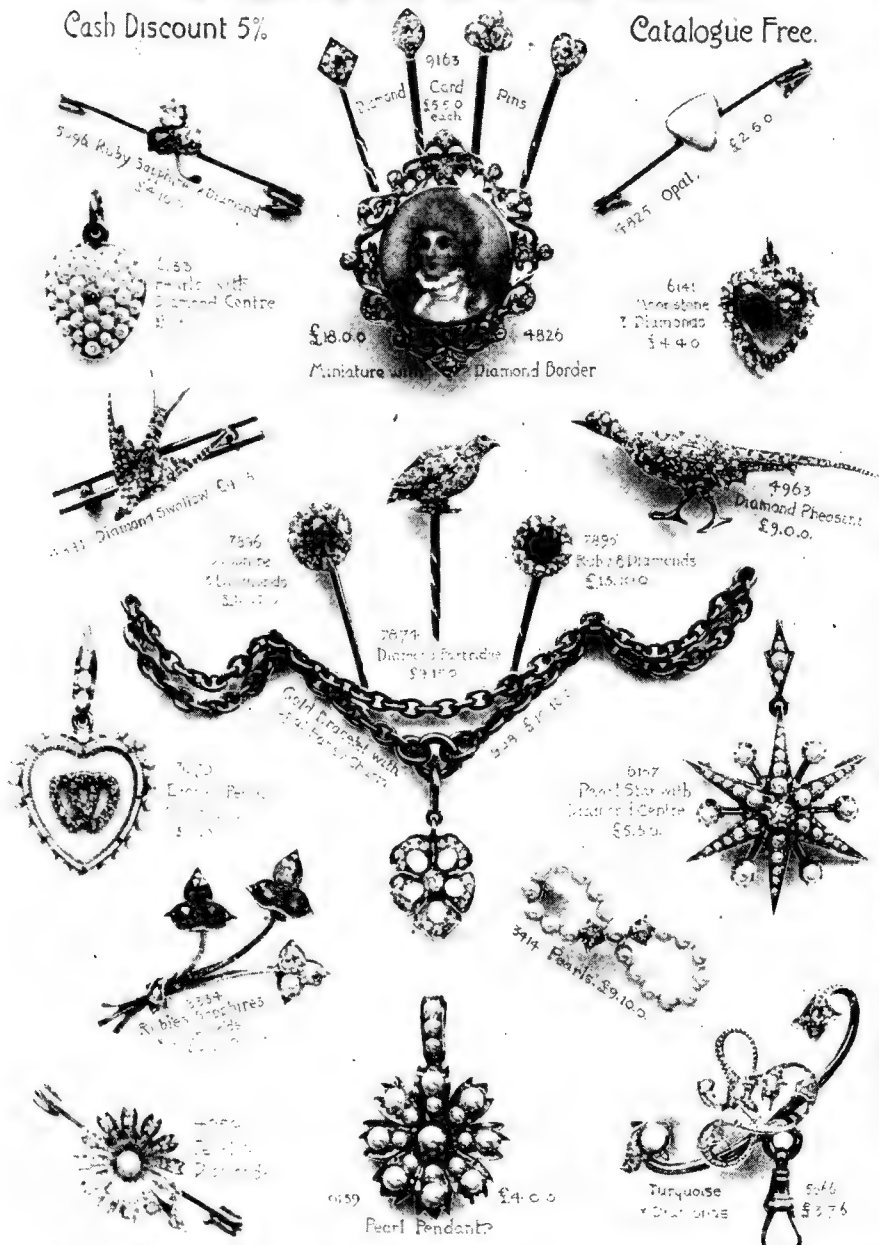
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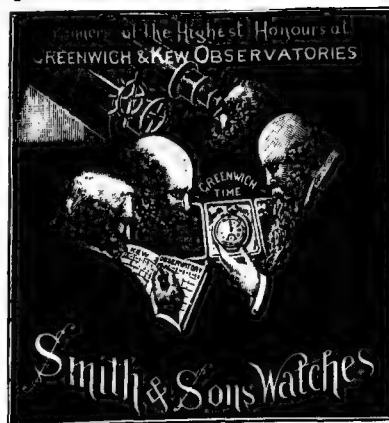
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The French Shore in Newfoundland

THE Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the French Shore Question in Newfoundland consisted of Sir John Bramston and Admiral Sir J. E. Erskine. The Commissioners have returned home, and their report will, it is expected, be issued shortly. Sir John Bramston has had a long experience of Colonial affairs. He is the son of the late Mr. T. W. Bramston, M.P., and was born in 1832. After leaving Winchester he went to Balliol College, Oxford, and became a Fellow of All Souls. He was called to the Bar in 1857, and two years later began his connection with Colonial affairs by becoming Private Secretary to the Governor of Queensland, in which Colony he afterwards became a member of the Government, and was for some time the Attorney-General. In 1874 he was appointed Attorney-General of Hong-Kong. Returning to England in 1876, he was made Assistant-Under-Secretary of State in the Colonial Office. He was created C.B. in 1886, and K.C.M.G. in 1897. Of the latter Order he has been Registrar since 1892. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.—The other Commissioner, Admiral Sir James Elphinstone Erskine, K.C.B., was born in 1838, and joined the Navy in 1852. He was Private Secretary to Lord Northbrook on his assuming the duties of First Lord. From 1881 to 1884 he was Commodore on the Australian Station. He was A.D.C. to the Queen from 1882 to 1886, when he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral. He was Senior Officer on the Coast of Ireland from 1888 to 1891, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian Station in 1895. He was created K.C.B. in 1897. Our portrait is by the Notman Studio, Halifax.

"The Hooligan Nights"

If space were not necessarily very limited, we should like to print the whole of Mr. Rook's shrewd and interesting introduction to his vivid portrait of a graceless young Hooligan. This preface is the best possible apology for the subject, and is seriously interesting altogether apart from the studies it was written to introduce. The pith of it is, perhaps, contained in the following extract:—

Poetic justice demands that young Alf (i.e., the criminal) should be unhappy. He is nothing of the sort. He has a livelier time than the average clerk on a

limited number of shillings per week . . . which I simply set before you as a fact that must be dealt with.

For which reason it is good that as large a number of people as possible should make themselves acquainted with the world we live in from the criminal's point of view, and they can have no better way of doing so than by reading "The Hooligan Nights," unless they care to follow the author's example and make personal acquaintance with a specimen. But there are many reasons why



SIR JOHN BRAMSTON



ADMIRAL SIR J. E. ERSKINE

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE FRENCH SHORE QUESTION, NEWFOUNDLAND

sitting quietly at home and leisurely reading Mr. Rook's volume is preferable to any personal relation with a "Young Alf," and Mr. Rook, maybe, would be the first to admit this. It avoids the risk and disagreeables attendant on contact with the great unwashed, besides which everyone has not the gift of getting confidences out of other people, nor are interesting specimens such as this one as common as blackberries in September. But the book is so shrewd and alive, it gives so admirably the outlook of the Hooligan, and shows you how much there is to be said for it, that by all means send to Mudie or Smith for "The Hooligan Nights," and then prepare to concern yourself with considering the uncomfortable fact that honesty is not quite always the best policy.—"The Hooligan Nights. Being the Life and Opinions of a Young and Impenitent Criminal, Recounted by Himself and set forth by Clarence Rook." Grant Richards.)

APPROPRIATE and opportune is the issue of the second edition, brought fully up to date by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Ltd., of the volume entitled "The Philippine Islands," by Mr. John Foreman, F.R.G.S., embracing an account of the political, geographical, ethnological, social, and commercial history of the Archipelago and its political dependencies during the period of Spanish rule. The author has brought the best of all possible considerations to the preparation of this volume, seeing that he has lived and travelled for several years in the islands, while the fact that he by no means seeks to fall in with what has previously been written on the subject, and that he relies on his observation for the events he chronicles, gives the inevitable weight which the personal equation always commands. The opening up of the islands to Anglo-Saxon trade, the inevitable result of the prominence given to them by the war, as well as the fact that the citizens of the United States have been for some time past sending representatives to look about the land and report on the enterprises most likely to yield satisfactory results, make it a certainty that English capital will enter into the competition. To the capitalist the figures, which are likely to help him, the succinct statement of the various industries and products of the islands, their fruits, vegetables, medicinal herbs, &c., &c., cannot fail to be of value. The traveller who would seek "fresh fields and pastures new" may be incited to the perusal of this volume for the sake of the introduction to the beauties of the "Pearl of the Orient," where life is sweet and easy, for the hospitality of the settled Spaniards and the Tagalog natives in the provinces is overflowing in its abundance. For him one of the most valuable chapters is an itinerary, specially arranged, showing the methods by which twenty-two convenient journeys may be taken, together with hints of the most practical nature which the ordinary guide book pure and simple would ignore, possibly because they are just the things which every traveller wants to know.

No book dealing at all adequately with the Philippines could fail to trace the rise of Aguinaldo, the swarthy little self-styled President of the Revolutionary Government, whose Napoleonic rise in two years has been one of the striking events of the history of the country. Nor could such a volume omit the remarkable career of Dr. Jose Rizal, the story of whose life as told in these pages reads like a page out of some imaginative romance, rather than one of the happenings at the end of our own weary century.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE August rainfall was only 0.27 of an inch in the neighbourhood of London, and there were very few stations at which it amounted to an inch. The "rainless" months of recent years have been July, 1893, when only 0.48 of an inch fell; March and May, 1896, with 0.40 and 0.26 of an inch respectively; and May and June, 1895, with 0.34 and 0.31 of an inch respectively. The term a "rainless" month is commonly used of thirty days whose total rainfall is less than half an inch. The rate at which rain falls is strangely deceptive. On the 28th ult. cricket at Blackheath was interrupted for five hours by a fall of .07 of an inch, and the wicket is even said to have been affected on the following day. But .07 of an inch, even if it fell in one hour, would not wet through any rough tweed coat, and spread over five hours would, in summer weather, evaporate almost as quickly as it fell. The harvest rains in England seldom exceed half an inch in an hour, and an average rate of rainfall is about one-tenth of an inch in an hour. The land is still very dry, though since the 1st inst. the drought has been broken by daily showers, and the rainfall of the first five days of September exceeded that of all August. The chestnut trees are rapidly losing their leaves, and in London maples, planes, and sycamores are following suit. The landscape is already quite autumnal.

THE ACREAGE UNDER CEREALS

There is nothing specially striking about the wheat area returns just issued, for the 1899 figures, while rather smaller than those of 1898, are slightly in excess of the ten years' average. What is worth

notice, however, is the effect that prices have on the area. The average price of wheat in October, 1897, when sowings were in progress was 36s., and the actual area sown increased from 1,889,161 to 2,102,206 acres. In October, 1898, however, only 28s. was obtainable, and the area sown fell to 2,000,981 acres. The price to-day is only 26s., so that a further fall in the area of wheat land seems exceedingly likely. A thirty-shilling level for wheat is, in fact, the line below which the ordinary farmer cannot produce it profitably. The barley area is now 1,982,108 acres, which is a trifle below the decennial average, but a trifle above the area in 1898. The barley area depends more on the spring than the price, for if the sowing season be favourable, a due proportion of the crop should attain malting quality, which pays its way every season. Of oats 2,959,755 acres are under cultivation, against 1,917,760 acres last season.

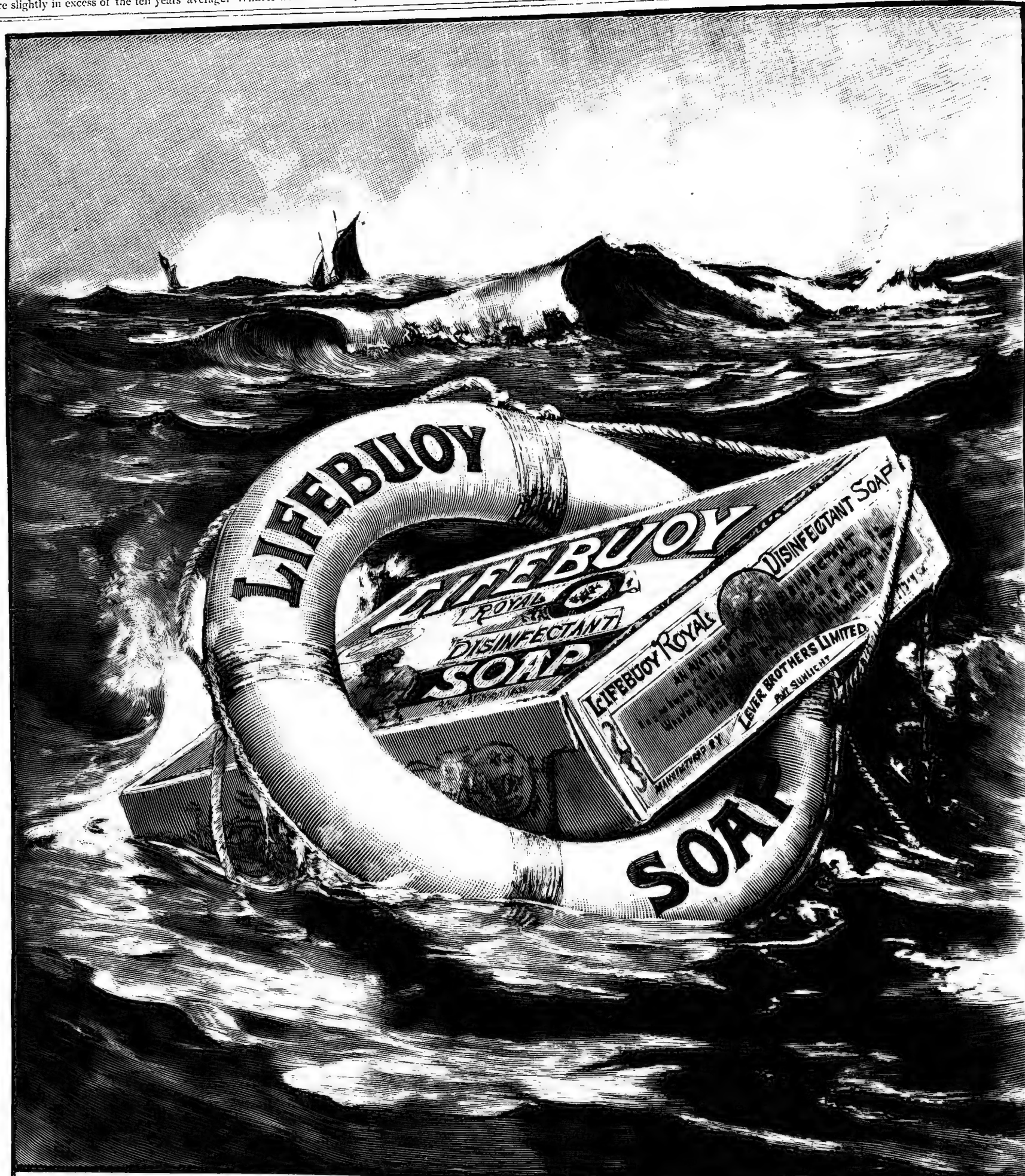
BRITISH CATTLE, SHEEP AND PIGS

While the human inhabitants of these islands are counted once in ten years only, an annual census of our flocks and herds is made. This has just taken place, and the figures show a slight increase on the ten years' average in all these classes, cattle, sheep and pigs. The increase on 1898, when the figures were below the decennial average, is marked and exceedingly reassuring, for the fact that in 1898, with steadily increasing food wants, we seemed to be diminishing our stock, was most unfavourably commented upon both at home and abroad. A very gratifying feature, too, is the increase in that section of each class particularly devoted to breeding. We have now 2,671,260 cows, 10,460,837 ewes, and 375,911 sows, against 2,587,190 cows, 10,137,932 ewes, and 362,200 sows in 1898. The dry weather is expected by some to lead to a great

slaughter of sheep in the next three months, but while cheap mutton would be no drawback in the cities, a depletion of our flocks, in order to avoid feeding them on roots, grain and clover, would be most mistaken policy. A flock cannot be built up again to order in a week or a month. The total number of live stock in Great Britain on September 1 was 6,795,720 cattle, 27,271,644 sheep, and 2,623,813 pigs, against 6,622,364 cattle, 27,111,191 sheep, and 2,451,095 pigs a year ago.

WOODLAND NOTES

Dwellers in a district where the rabbits are destructive will be glad to know that they can plant the alder, a very handsome tree, without fear of its being nibbled. It seems to be cordially disliked both by rabbits and hares. Those who study the art of foliage and want a fine background in autumn to the lower shrubs of the border, should not forget the "service" tree, the proper name of which is *Pyrus terminalis*. Its leaves die off gradually, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, in the loveliest hues, not to be surpassed by the "smouldering fires" of the maple. The alder, which has large and beautiful leaves, and is in flower from July to the end of August, is very little grown, but is perfectly hardy. Those at Kew are over a century old, and a splendid example in Cranworth Rectory garden early in the century. Mulberries are never planted now, or to quote Mr. Gifford's time watchword, "hardly ever." The tree does not come into full leaf till June 10 or 12, being as late as the acacia and the hornbeam, as a hedge, might be tried by all who love a russet in the later autumn months.



SAVES FROM A SEA OF TROUBLES.

Because it is a highly concentrated soap.
Because it is a first-class Disease-Germ Destroyer.
Because it is most beneficial to the skin.
Because it has cured bad cases of eczema, scurvy, psoriasis, and other skin disorders.

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A DISINFECTANT AND ANTISEPTIC INVALUABLE FOR
HOUSEHOLD AND GENERAL CLEANING

Because it keeps children's heads clean and healthy.
Because it keeps cattle and poultry free from insect pests.
Because it will keep the home sweet and pure.
Because it is a safe, sure and simple protection from infection.

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The Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., invite Americans in London to inspect the most Magnificent Stock in the World of Diamond and Gem Ornaments, Loose Pearls, Pearl Necklaces, High-Class Jewellery, Silver Plate, Watches, Clocks, &c., on view in their Show Rooms, 112, Regent Street, W.

The Company's large staff of assistants are instructed to show goods, which are all marked in plain figures, and answer any inquiries, but on no account to importune a visitor to purchase.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, Ltd.,
SHOW ROOMS:—
112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

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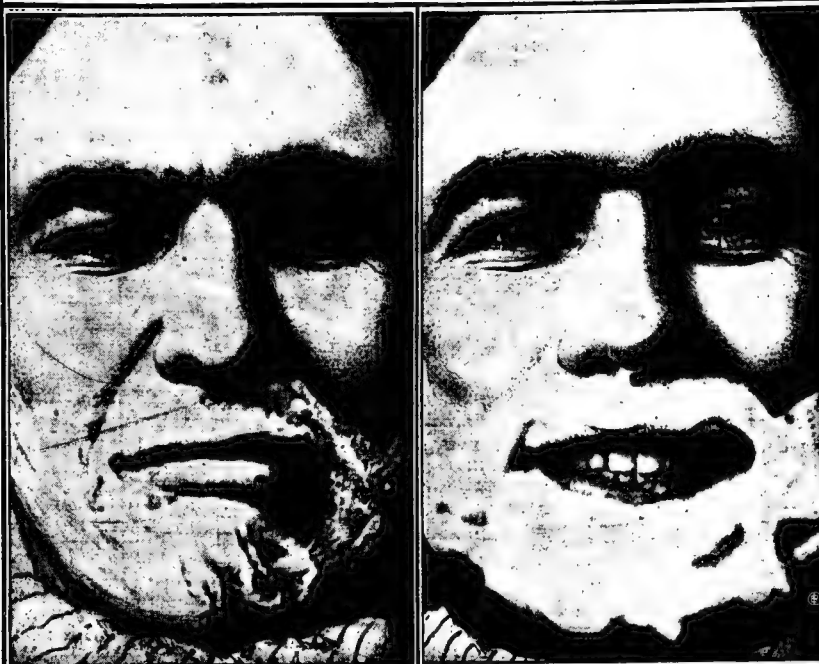
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"Having made a fresh trial of its virtues we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."—The Queen.

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This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

Just compare Williams' Soap with any other. See the BIG, THICK, CREAMY LATHER. Notice how long it remains moist on you face. How thoroughly it softens the beard. How easily and smoothly your razor cuts. What a soothed, refreshed, velvety feeling your face has after shaving.

Now—take almost any other soap. Note the thin, frothy lather. See how quickly it dries. How your razor "pulls." How your face smart and itches. How dry the skin feels. Then you will appreciate the force of the illustration above, and will understand why ninety-nine men out of every hundred insist upon Williams' Shaving Soap.

WILLIAMS'S SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class Hair-dressers.

Sold by Chemists, Hair-dressers and Perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

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RETURN Old Bottles at ONCE Direct to "AERATORS, LIMITED," Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C. Aerators, Limited, wish you to have the Best Article.

The New Bottles have "BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT" on the Stopper. DO NOT RETURN these.

"Sparklets" ARE INVALUABLE AT HOME, OR WHEN WILL AERATE WINE, MILK, BARLEY FISHING, CYCLING, WATER, INVALID DRINKS, SHOOTING, PROSPECTING, YACHTING, TRAVELLING. WITHOUT DILUTION. SIMPLICITY ITSELF. ECONOMICAL. PORTABLE.

All that is required: One Bottle costing 4s. 6d., and "SPARKLETS" costing 1s per dozen. FULL INSTRUCTIONS WITH EACH BOTTLE.

Tablets supplied for the instantaneous production, by the user, of various Mineral Waters, Soda, Potash, Lithia, &c., with the aid of "Sparklets" also in the form of readily soluble Powders, which will remain unchanged in any climate, various delicious Fruit Drinks, Ginger Ale, Tonic Water (Quinine), and Sparklene (an original beverage).

To be had of all Chemists, Stores, &c.

GUARANTEED PURE LINEN
16/- to 18/- a Dozen.

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven cut of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, and natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody. Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor filmy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use. After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

Sold by all Drapers, Stores, &c. Sole Manufacturers:—
JAMES STUTTARD & SONS, MANCHESTER; also 35, Milk Street, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
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Children's Bordered, pr. doz. 1/3 | Hemstitched— per doz.
Ladies' 2/3 | Ladies' 2/8
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COLLARS.—Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.; Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. CUFFS.—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz. MATCHLESS SHIRTS.—Fine quality Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half-doz. (to measure 2/- extra). OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with best material, in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts for 14/- the half-doz.

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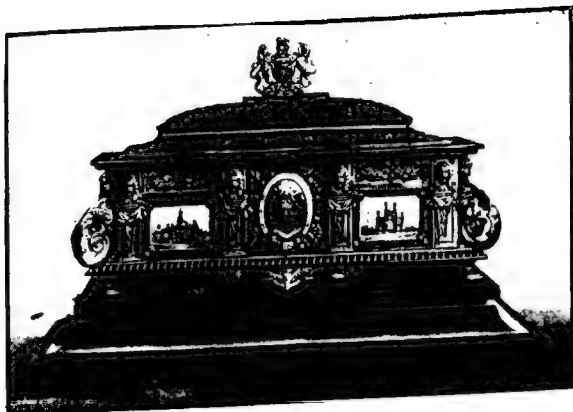
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NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

The undoubted abundance of *Stella tarum*, the "humming bird" hawk moth, this season is remarkable. It is more widely spread than usual, it is more frequent than usual, and yet the food of the caterpillar, bed straws and other wet-ditch plants, has been both scarce and poor, often entirely dried up by the hot summer. The abundance, therefore, almost suggests an immigration. The pure hawk moth in certain seasons penetrates from the north into southern lands, while the oleander hawk moth similarly goes north at times, and even reaches our own coasts though its native land is Italy. The "humming bird" hawk moth is one of the commonest of insects in France. The season has also been remarkable for a great abundance of dragon flies, which have been seen frequently in the London suburbs as well as in profusion over country ponds. This event, however, is capable of an easy explanation, as the larval stage endures more than one year, and in fact the creature seems to have considerable power of selecting a favourable season in which to appear. The fine August should have brought forth a good show of *Vanessa* butterflies, but thus far we have only noticed *Gynthis Cardui* in anything like abundance. The "common" tortoiseshell, which used to be priced at twopence in naturalists' catalogues against sixpence for a "Painted Lady," is now rather the rarer of the two insects. We regret that "Lo" gets scarcer every year, and "Sibylla" is almost extinct, but the Red Admiral "Atalanta" is fairly numerous, and the "Rare" Tortoiseshell "Polychloros" perhaps not so scarce as usual.

Presentation to the Duke of Connaught

On the occasion of the visit to the City of Dundee of the Duke of Connaught to inaugurate two Diamond Jubilee Memorials, His



Royal Highness was presented with an address of welcome enclosed in a massive gold casket. The casket consisted of an oblong box

with ornamental scroll corners and supports, having a variety of rich mouldings and ornamentation, in which the thistle predominates. The body of the casket is divided into panels, having enamel painted views of various buildings in the city, on the front being the Arms of the City and the reverse an inscription. Between the panels are pilasters, surmounted by figures representing Shipping, Engineering, Spinning, and Learning. At the top of the lid is the full Arms of His Royal Highness, set in proper colours. The casket was designed and manufactured by well-known Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 141, Regent Street.

CONSUMPTION TO BE CURED BY VIOLET RAYS.—Dr. J. Mount-Eleyer, a well-known specialist on lung and throat diseases, announces that he has discovered a new cure for consumption and other diseases which person may put to practical test. It is an outcome of the use of X-rays. Roughly speaking, this new treatment is given by extracting the ultra-violet and other rays from sunlight and directing them over the human body. This is done by means of coloured panes of glass in the roof. Dr. Mount-Eleyer has proved the efficacy of the treatment by experiments on animals, and human beings. He is about to erect a big hospital, made of glass with glass top and sides. This is for those patients who cannot spend time in a sanatorium, but he says that any person can construct a chromatic glass apparatus in their own home.

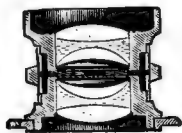
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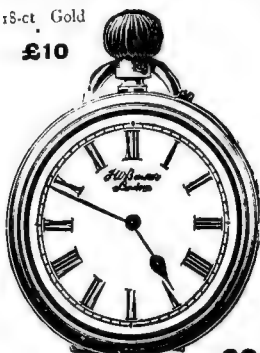
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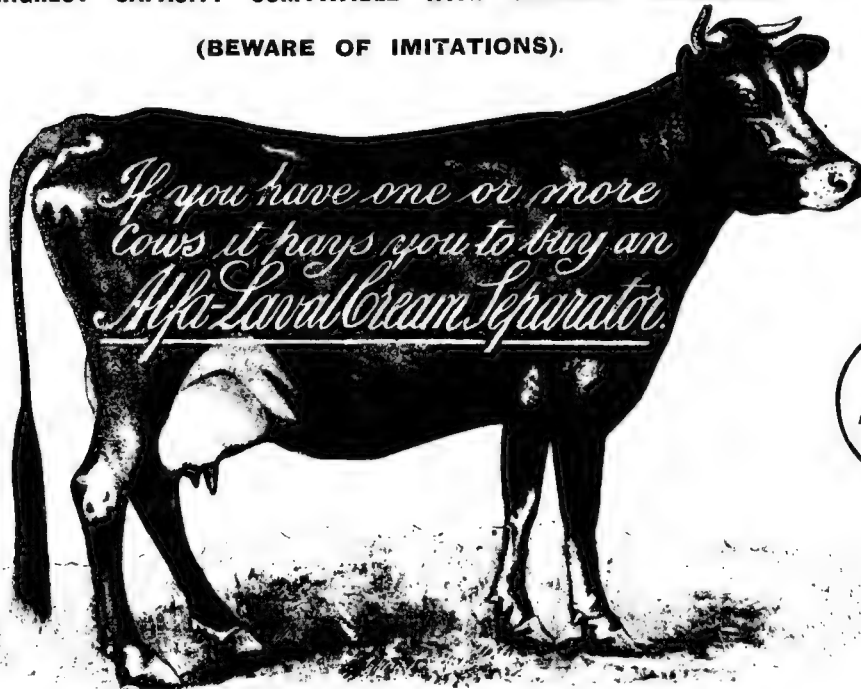
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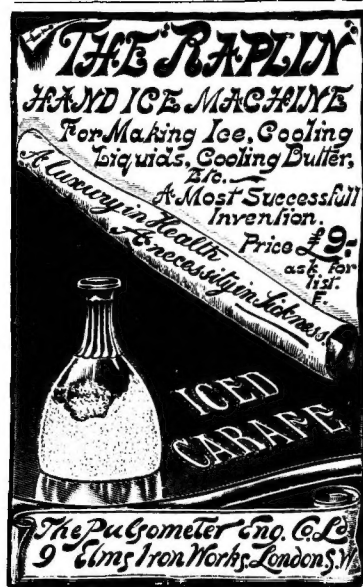
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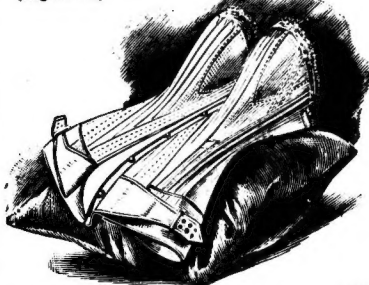
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